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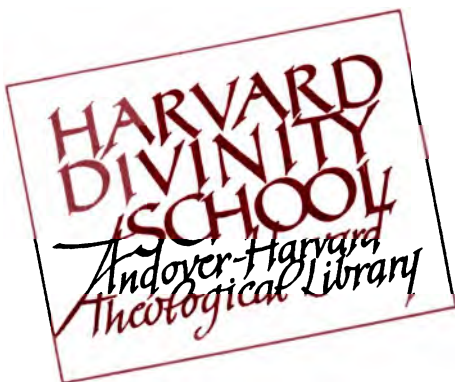
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1888



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BELLS OF VICTORY:

— A —

COLLECTION OF MUSIC

FOR

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

— BY —

J. H. TENNEY AND REV. E. A. HOFFMAN:

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

NEW YORK:

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO:

LYON & HEALY.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. E. DITSON & CO.

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MAY 24, 1938

TO the noble army of temperance workers, both men and
women, together with all who love the glorious temperance
cause, and are praying, hoping and trusting that the day
draweth nigh when all the world will be redeemed from the
curse of rum, this collection of songs — the result of much
experience and labor — is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHORS.

Boston, July, 1888.

M

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B4

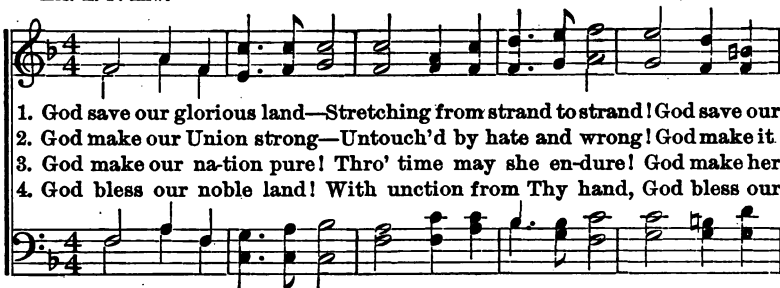
1888

BELLS OF VICTORY.

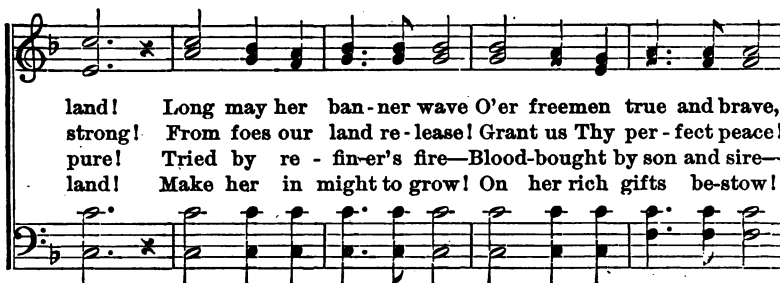
No. 1. GOD SAVE OUR LAND.

Mrs. A. F. LAW.

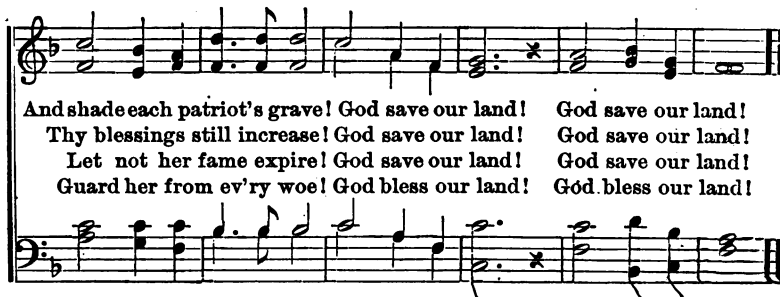
J. H. TENNEY.



1. God save our glorious land—Stretching from strand to strand! God save our
 2. God make our Union strong—Untouch'd by hate and wrong! God make it
 3. God make our nation pure! Thro' time may she en-dure! God make her
 4. God bless our noble land! With unction from Thy hand, God bless our



land! Long may her ban-ner wave O'er freemen true and brave,
 strong! From foes our land re-lease! Grant us Thy per-fect peace!
 pure! Tried by re-fin-er's fire—Blood-bought by son and sire—
 land! Make her in might to grow! On her rich gifts be-stow!



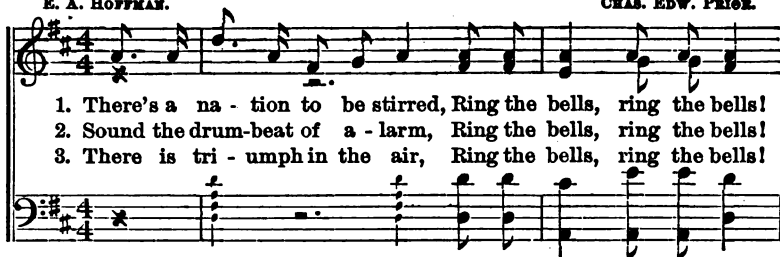
And shade each patriot's grave! God save our land! God save our land!
 Thy blessings still increase! God save our land! God save our land!
 Let not her fame expire! God save our land! God save our land!
 Guard her from ev'ry woe! God bless our land! God bless our land!

No. 2.

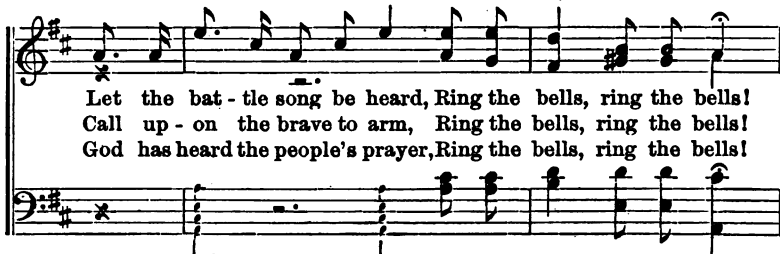
RING THE BELLS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

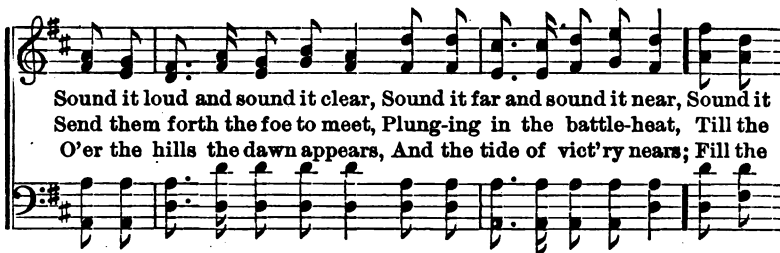
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. There's a na - tion to be stirred, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
 2. Sound the drum-beat of a - larm, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
 3. There is tri - umph in the air, Ring the bells, ring the bells!



Let the bat - tle song be heard, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
 Call up - on the brave to arm, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
 God has heard the people's prayer, Ring the bells, ring the bells!

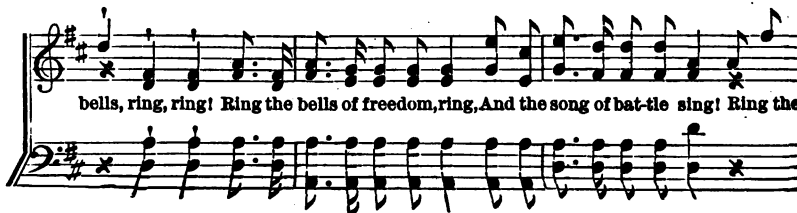


Sound it loud and sound it clear, Sound it far and sound it near, Sound it
 Send them forth the foe to meet, Plung-ing in the battle-heat, Till the
 O'er the hills the dawn appears, And the tide of vict'ry nears; Fill the

CHORUS.



out with song and cheer, Ring the bells, ring the bells! Ring the bells, ring, ring! Ring the
 foemen shall retreat, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
 air with shouts and cheers, Ring the bells, ring the bells!



bells, ring, ring! Ring the bells of freedom, ring, And the song of bat-tle sing! Ring the

RING THE BELLS.

bell's, ring, ring! Ring the bells, ring, ring! Let the happy bells of freedom ring.

No. 3. PRAY AS YOU VOTE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

1. There's a song to sing, and a note to ring, 'Tis a
 "Pro - hi - bi - tion now!" Oh! re - cord your vow, That you'll
 2. There's a na - tion's fight in the cause of right, Horse and
 Will you join to - day in the stur - dy fray, Till you've
 3. Press a - long, dear youth, in the cause of truth; O'er your
 While the fight en - dures let this song be yours, "We will

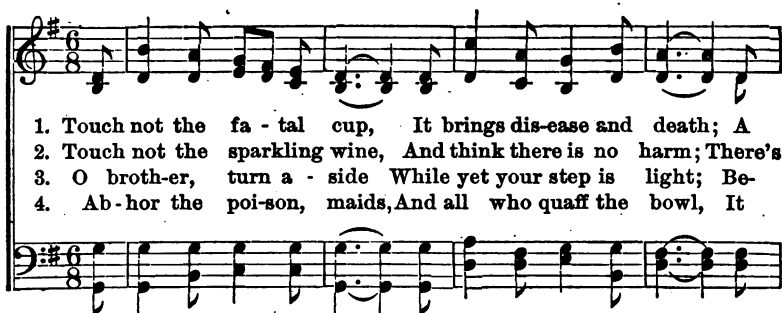
CHORUS.

grand in-spir-it-ing note; | Hal-le - lu - jah sing and the key-note ring,
 pray, yes, pray as you vote. | Prohibition shout all the world throughout,
 foot to contest shall go; | Hal-le - lu - jah sing and the key-note ring,
 fought and conquered the foe? | Prohibition shout all the world throughout,
 head the ensign shall float; | Hal-le - lu - jah sing and the key-note ring,
 pray, yes, pray as we vote." | Prohibition shout all the world throughout,

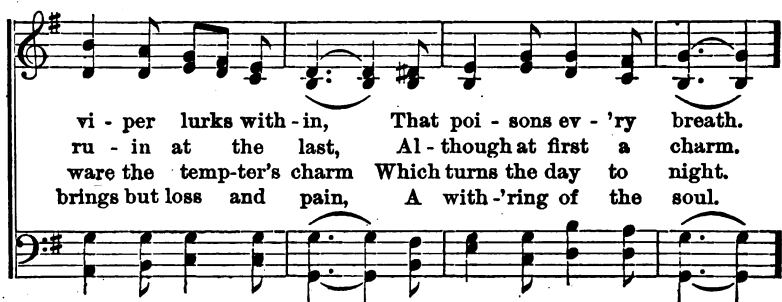
For the land from rum shall be free;
 (Omit.) God shall hasten the victo - ry!

No. 4. TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

W. H. POSTUM.

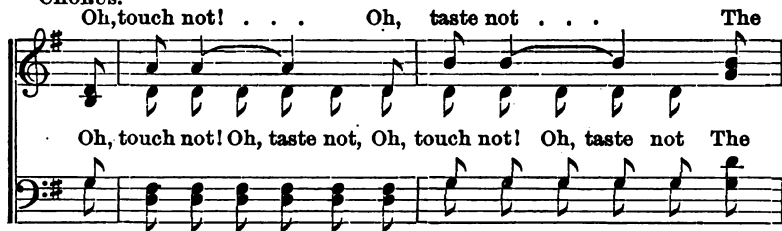


1. Touch not the fa - tal cup, It brings dis-ease and death; A
 2. Touch not the sparkling wine, And think there is no harm; There's
 3. O broth-er, turn a - side While yet your step is light; Be-
 4. Ab-hor the poi-son, maids, And all who quaff the bowl, It

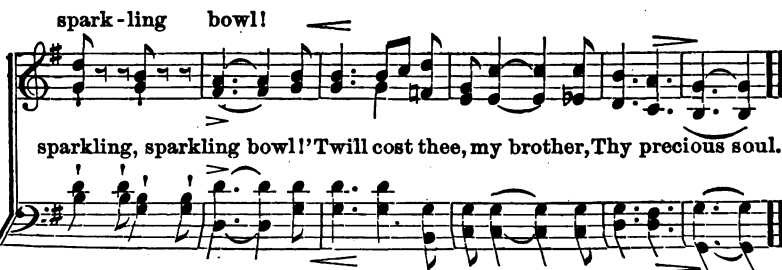


vi - per lurks with - in, That poi - sons ev - 'ry breath.
 ru - in at the last, Al - though at first a charm.
 were the temp-ter's charm Which turns the day to night.
 brings but loss and pain, A with-'ring of the soul.

CHORUS.



Oh, touch not! . . . Oh, taste not . . . The



spark - ling bowl!
 sparkling, sparkling bowl! 'Twill cost thee, my brother, Thy precious soul.

No. 5. THE RANKS ARE FILLING IN.

E. A. H.

E. A. H.

1. A song of glo-ri-ous vic - to - ry Let earth with its millions begin;
 2. Close up the lines once more and move Upon the battalions of sin;
 3. Strike for the right! Strike in your might! The moment of triumph is here;
 4. March on, battalions of the Lord! O'er mountain, and valley, and plain,

The hosts of God are marshalling; Thank God! the ranks are filling in.
 Up! take your place among God's brave, And let the ranks be filling in.
 The hosts of sin are giving way; Redemption's dawn is drawing near.
 And re-s-cue all the per-ishing, And lead them back to God again.

CHORUS.

One by one . . . one by one . . . A new life to be-gin;
 they come, they come,

The Lord's redeemed are coming home; Thank God! the ranks are filling in!

No. 6. STAND BY THE HOME.

E. A. H.

J. H. T.

1. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, And we dare not idle stand, While an
 2. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, For its sanctity and peace, And we
 3. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, For the children that we love, For the
 4. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, And we pledge thereto our might, Till we

e - vil so ac-cursed Blights and des - o - lates the land. We will*
 will not ground our arms Till the reign of rum shall cease. We will
 land we hold so dear, For the God who reigns a-bove. We will
 crush the gi - ant wrong, And en - throne the cause of right. We will

CHORUS.

Stand by the Home! Stand by the Home!
 Stand by the Home! Stand by the Home!

Save it from the foe that has reign'd so long! We will
 Save it from the blight of this (Omit) gi - ant wrong.

NOTE. This song may be sung very effectively by having a chorus of ladies sing the 1st and 3rd verses, and a chorus of men the 2nd and 4th, all uniting in the chorus.

* The small notes are to be sung by the male voices only.

No. 7. I WILL SIGN TO-NIGHT.

E. A. H.

ALTO SOLO.*

E. A. H.

1. You show me a pa-per and call it a pledge, A pledge in defence of the
 2. Too long has the de-mon of rum cursed the land, Assailing our homes with a
 3. Let by-gones be by-gones,—the time has now come For all to as-sert, with their

right; You plead for the names of the men of the town, And
 blight; 'Tis time we should ral-ly and all sign the pledge, And
 might, That this fear-ful traf-fic in e-vil shall cease; And

CHORUS.

ask me to sign it to-night. I will sign to-night, I will
 so I will sign it to-night.
 so I will sign it to-night.

yes, to-night!

sign to-night, And en-roll with the champions of right! I will

sign to-night, I will sign to-night, I will sign the pledge to-night.

* Or may be effectively sung by a Bass voice an 8va. lower.

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No. 8. KEEP WITHIN THE LINE!

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. A - long the line of sol - diers, On life's great battle-ground,
 2. What though the arch de - ceiv - er And all his host u - nite
 3. March on, nor heed the dan - gers That lurk a - mid our way;

We hear the roy - al man - date From rank to rank re - sound;
 To draw us from the con - flict, And turn us from the right;
 The King's command is ur - gent, We have no time to stay;

"Take up the cross, be val - iant, Let not your strength decline!
 The Lord has said, "go for - ward," Let not our zeal de - cline;
 He holds a crown be - fore us, Where stars of glo - ry shine:

March on! march on with steady pace, And keep within the line!

CHORUS.

Keep, Keep, Keep within the line! Keep, Keep,

KEEP WITHIN THE LINE!

Keep with-in the line! Keep with-in the gos - pel line,

This system of musical notation is for the first line of the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and Bb4, then a quarter note C5, and a half note D5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Keep within the gos - pel line, Keep within the bless - ed gos-pel

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff features a series of eighth and quarter notes, including G4, A4, Bb4, C5, and D5. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

line, the gospel line! On, march on! march on with steady pace, And

The third system introduces a new melodic phrase. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4 and Bb4, then a half note C5. The bass staff has a half note D5. The melody then continues with eighth notes.

keep within the line, yes, Keep within the line! On, march on! march

The fourth system continues the melody with a series of eighth and quarter notes in the treble staff. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment.

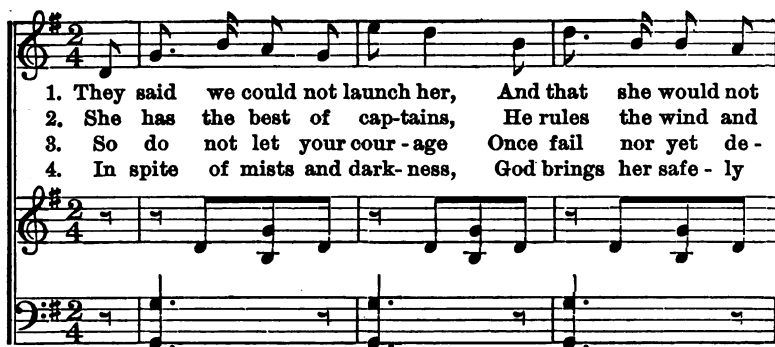
on with steady pace, March on, march on with steady pace, And keep within the line!

The fifth system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a half note G4. The bass staff ends with a half note D5. The page number 11 is printed at the bottom right.

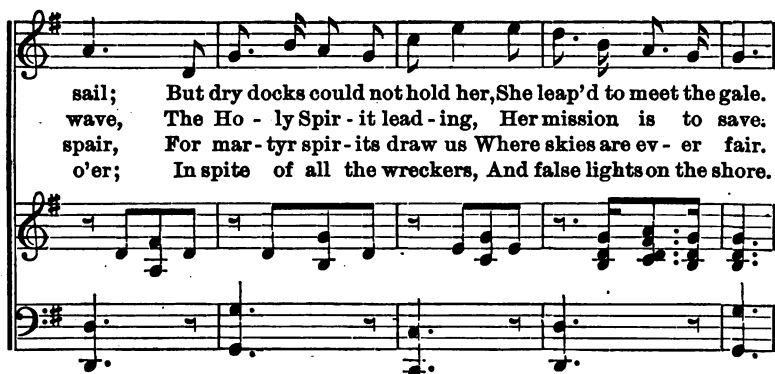
No. 9. THE PROHIBITION BARQUE.

REV. O. E. MURRAY.

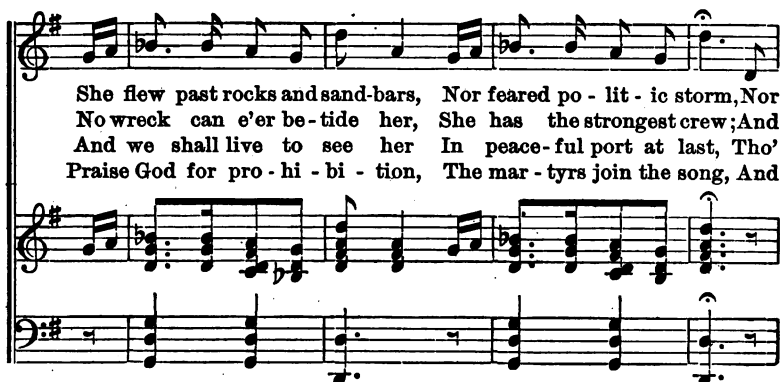
T. J. DOUTHITT.



1. They said we could not launch her, And that she would not
 2. She has the best of cap-tains, He rules the wind and
 3. So do not let your cour-age Once fail nor yet de-
 4. In spite of mists and dark-ness, God brings her safe-ly

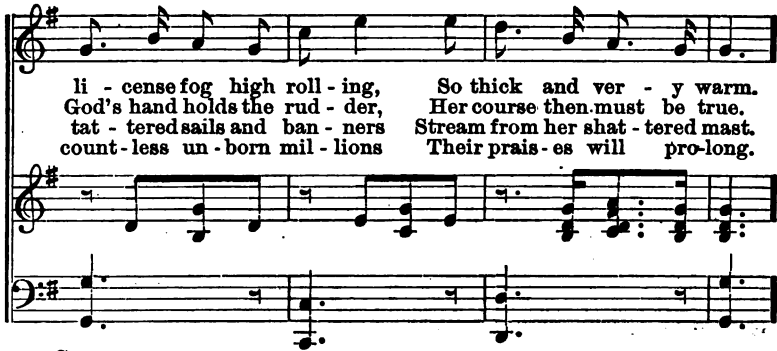


sail; But dry docks could not hold her, She leap'd to meet the gale.
 wave, The Ho-ly Spir-it lead-ing, Her mission is to save.
 spair, For mar-tyr spir-its draw us Where skies are ev-er fair.
 o'er; In spite of all the wreckers, And false lights on the shore.



She flew past rocks and sand-bars, Nor feared po-lit-ic storm, Nor
 No wreck can e'er be-tide her, She has the strongest crew; And
 And we shall live to see her In peace-ful port at last, Tho'
 Praise God for pro-hi-bi-tion, The mar-tyrs join the song, And

THE PROHIBITION BARQUE.

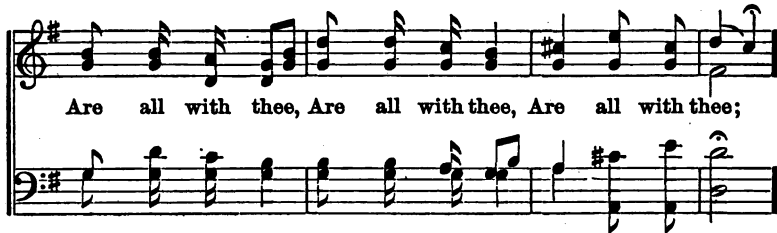


li - cense fog high roll - ing, So thick and ver - y warm.
 God's hand holds the rud - der, Her course then must be true.
 tat - tered sails and ban - ners Stream from her shat - tered mast.
 count - less un - born mil - lions Their prais - es will pro - long.

CHORUS.



Sail on . . . our hopes, . . . and fears . . . and love, and pray'rs,
 Sail on, sail on, our hopes, and fears, and love, and pray'rs, and love, and pray'rs,



Are all with thee, Are all with thee, Are all with thee;



God bless our Pro - hi - bi - tion Barque, and give Her
 and give

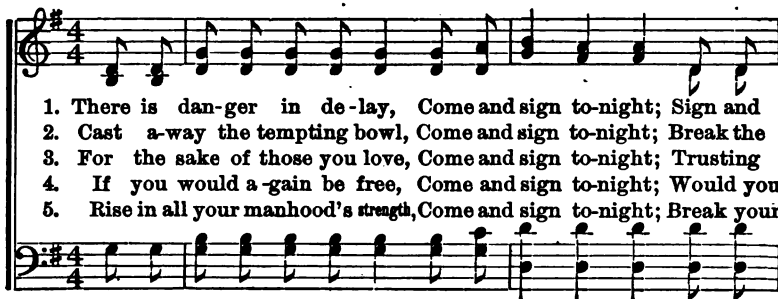


vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry.

No. 10. WHY NOT SIGN TO-NIGHT?

E. A. H.

S. W. STRAUB.

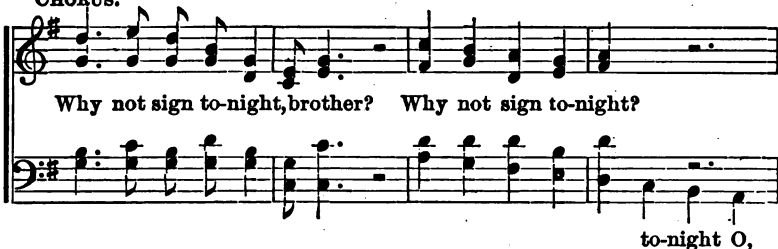


1. There is dan-ger in de-lay, Come and sign to-night; Sign and
 2. Cast a-way the tempt-ing bowl, Come and sign to-night; Break the
 3. For the sake of those you love, Come and sign to-night; Trusting
 4. If you would a-gain be free, Come and sign to-night; Would you
 5. Rise in all your man-hood's strength, Come and sign to-night; Break your

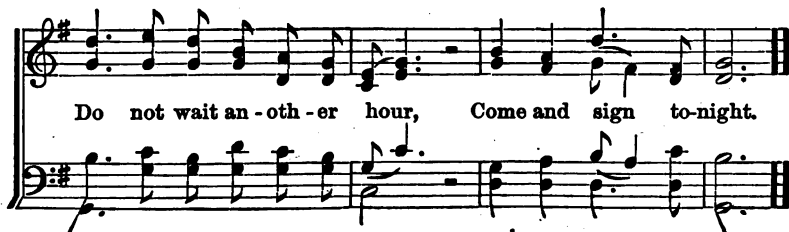


turn the curse a - way, Come and sign to - night.
 fet - ters from your soul, Come and sign to - night.
 in the God a - bove, Come and sign to - night.
 have your lib - er - ty? Come and sign to - night.
 sla - ver - y at length, Come and sign to - night.

CHORUS.



Why not sign to-night, brother? Why not sign to-night?
 to-night O,

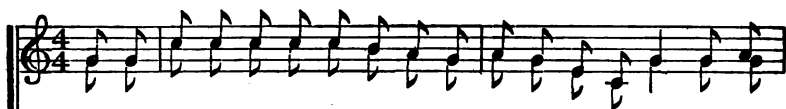


Do not wait an - oth - er hour, Come and sign to-night.

No. 11. CLEAR THE WAY.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. T.



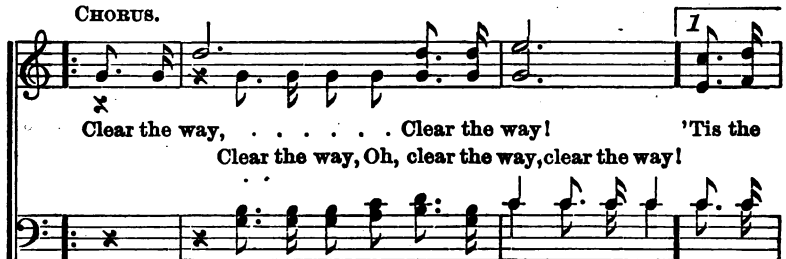
1. Lo! the Temperance army's coming, Banner floating in the sky; Every
2. Come and join the noble army, To the foe your bosom bare; Man-y
3. Can you longer linger, halting, Filled with trembling and with fear? Rouse thee,



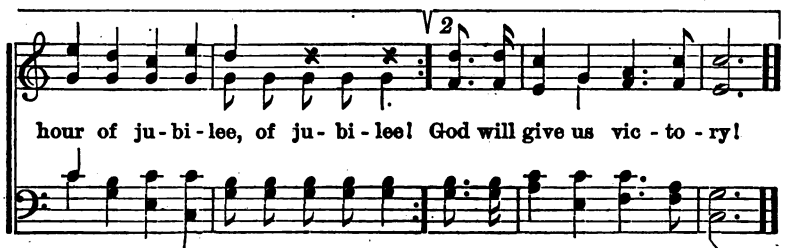
movement now is tell - ing, For the tri - umph hour is nigh.
 hearts will be made hap - py When they see you fight - ing there.
 broth - er! be a lie - ro! For the tri - umph hour is near.



CHORUS.



Clear the way, Clear the way! 'Tis the
 Clear the way, Oh, clear the way, clear the way!



hour of ju - bi - lee, of ju - bi - lee! God will give us vic - to - ry!

No. 12. THREE CHEERS FOR THE TEMPERANCE ARMY!

E. A. H.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Three cheers for the Temp'rance Ar-my! For the sol-diers, true and
 2. Three cheers for the Temp'rance Ar-my, As it proud-ly marches
 3. Three cheers for the Temp'rance Ar-my! We are bound to win the

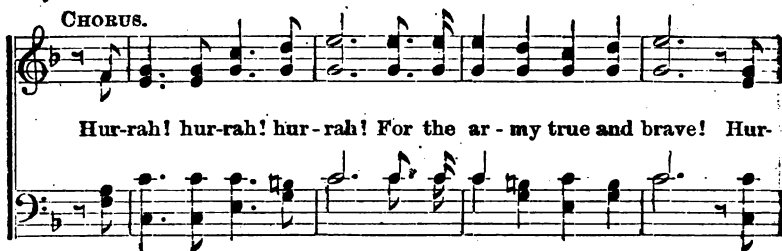
brave, Who are marching forth, in sol-id rank, The land from drink to
 on With a firm re-solve to smite the foe Un-til the field is
 day; For the hosts of sin are break-ing ranks, And slow-ly giv-ing

save! The God of hosts is with them, And pledges vic-to-ry, And the
 won! The fight is growing hot-ter; We press the en-e-my; And the
 way; A lit-tle more of con-flict, And then the vic-to-ry; For the

air is full of the loud huz-zas Of the loy-al and the free.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE TEMPERANCE ARMY!

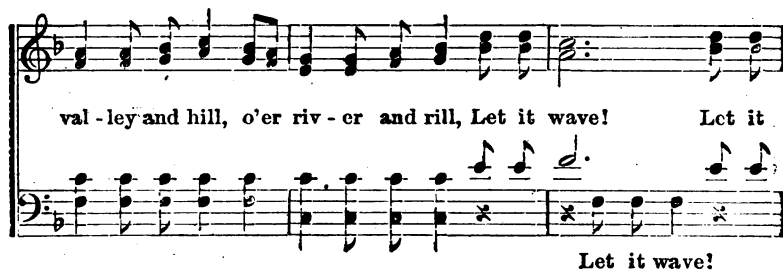
CHORUS.



Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! For the ar - my true and brave! Hur-



rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Let the temp'rance ban - ner wave! O'er



val - ley and hill, o'er riv - er and rill, Let it wave! Let it
Let it wave!



wave! Hur-rah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Let the no - ble ensign wave!
Let it wave!

No. 13. PULL TOGETHER.

E. A. H.

J. H. T.

1. There's a ver - y migh - ty work to be wrought;
2. Let us ral - ly from the mountain and the glen,
3. 'Tis a mot - to old, "In un - ion there is strength,"

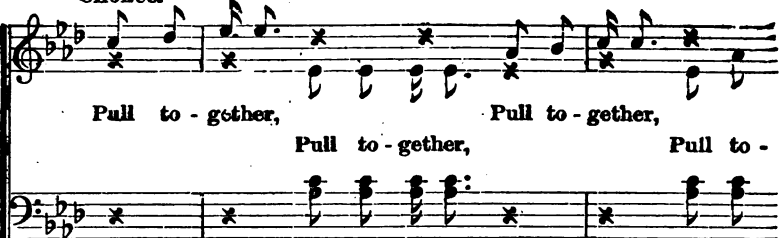
There's a ver - y sub - tle foe to be fought;
Let us ral - ly till we count a mil - lion men,
And the temp'rance peo - ple should u - nite at length;

'Tis the people's grand crusade 'gainst the cit - a - del of sin,
Go - ing forth in sol - id rank 'mid the bat - tle-smoke and din,
We must move in lines well-closed on the bat - tle-ments of sin,

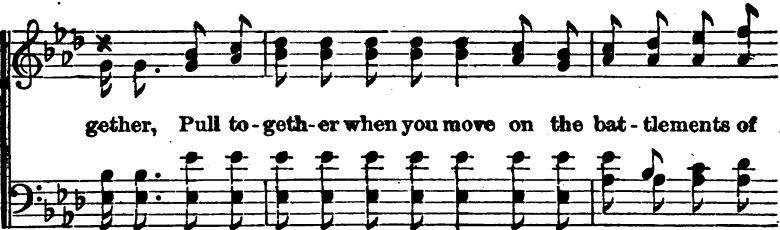
And we all must pull to-gether if we hope to win.
For we all must pull to-gether if we hope to win.
For we all must pull to-gether if we hope to win.

PULL TOGETHER.

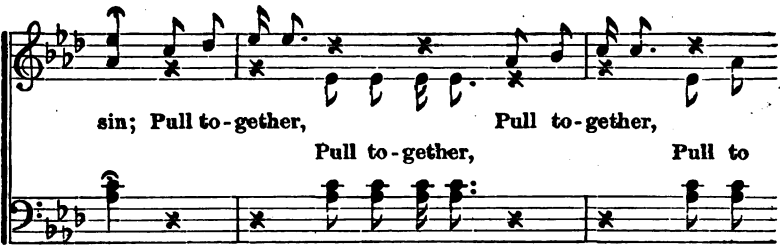
CHORUS.



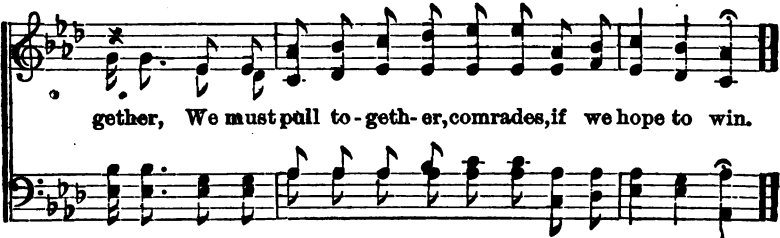
Pull to - gether, Pull to - gether, Pull to -



gether, Pull to-gether when you move on the bat-tlements of



sin; Pull to-gether, Pull to-gether, Pull to

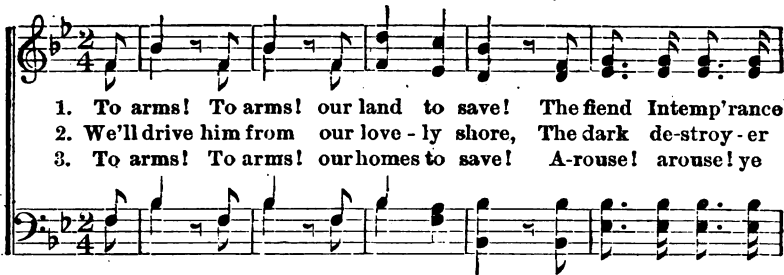


gether, We must pull to-gether, comrades, if we hope to win.

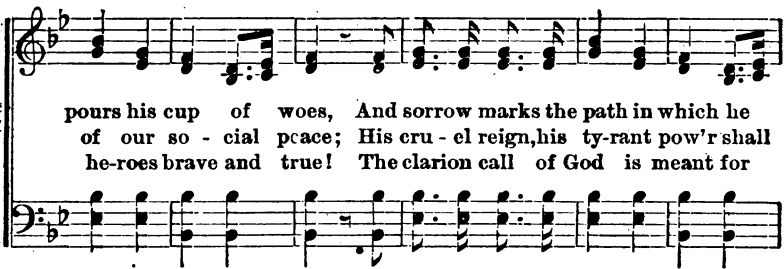
No. 14.

TO ARMS.

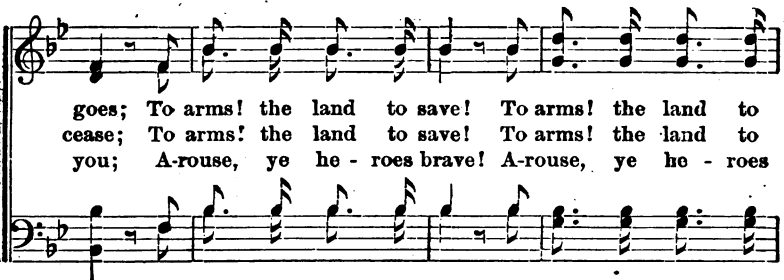
Dr. G. F. Root.



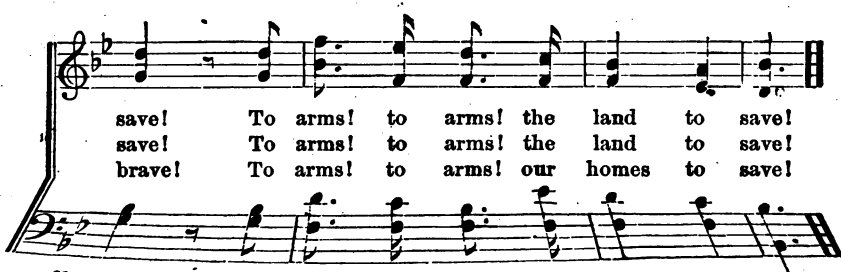
1. To arms! To arms! our land to save! The fiend Intemp'rance
 2. We'll drive him from our love-ly shore, The dark de-destroy-er
 3. To arms! To arms! our homes to save! A-rouse! arouse! ye



pours his cup of woes, And sorrow marks the path in which he
 of our so-cial peace; His cru-el reign, his ty-rant pow'r shall
 he-roe's brave and true! The clarion call of God is meant for



goes; To arms! the land to save! To arms! the land to
 cease; To arms! the land to save! To arms! the land to
 you; A-rouse, ye he-roe's brave! A-rouse, ye he-roe's

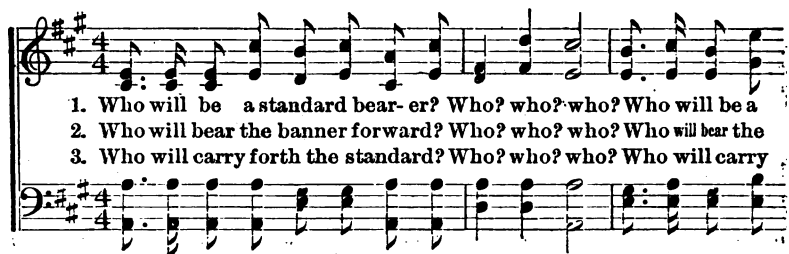


save! To arms! to arms! the land to save!
 save! To arms! to arms! the land to save!
 brave! To arms! to arms! our homes to save!

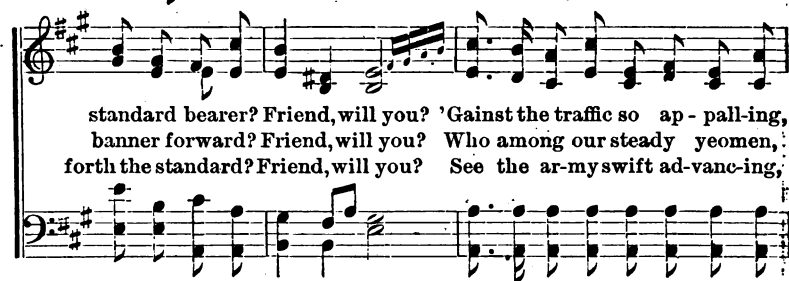
No. 15. WHO WILL BE A STANDARD BEARER?

E. A. HOFFMAN.

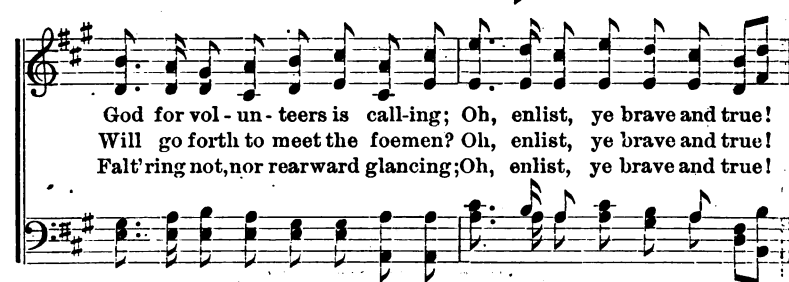
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. Who will be a standard bear-er? Who? who? who? Who will be a
 2. Who will bear the banner forward? Who? who? who? Who will bear the
 3. Who will carry forth the standard? Who? who? who? Who will carry

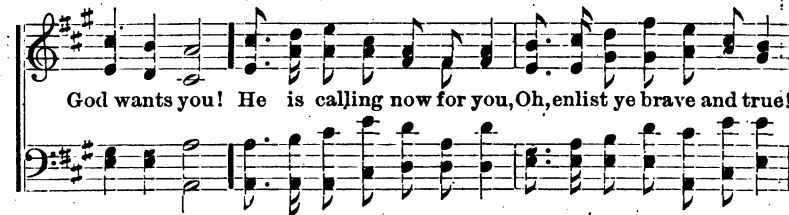


standard bearer? Friend, will you? 'Gainst the traffic so ap- palling,
 banner forward? Friend, will you? Who among our steady yeomen,
 forth the standard? Friend, will you? See the ar-myswift ad-vanc-ing,

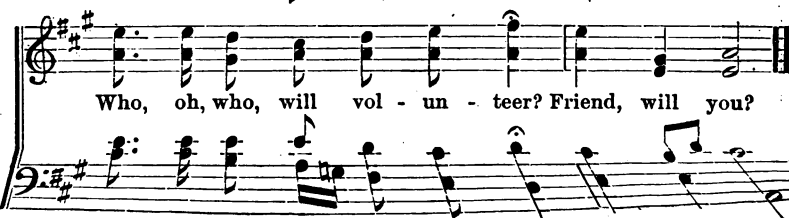


God for vol- un- teers is call-ing; Oh, enlist, ye brave and true!
 Will go forth to meet the foemen? Oh, enlist, ye brave and true!
 Falt'ring not, nor rearward glancing; Oh, enlist, ye brave and true!

CHORUS.



God wants you! He is calling now for you, Oh, enlist ye brave and true!

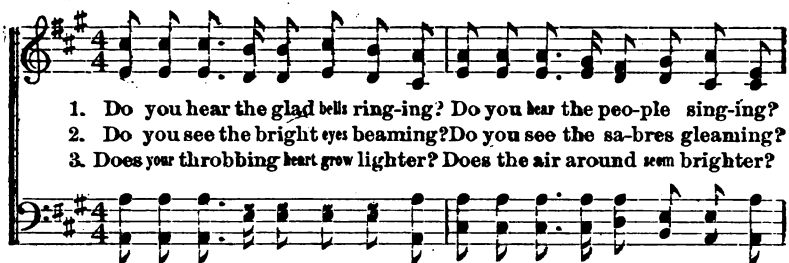


Who, oh, who, will vol- un- teer? Friend, will you?

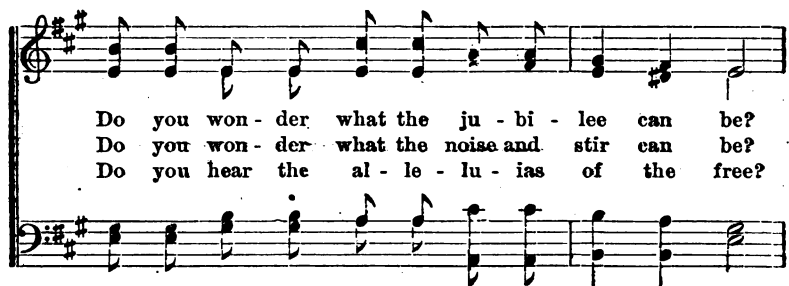
No. 16. THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

E. A. H.

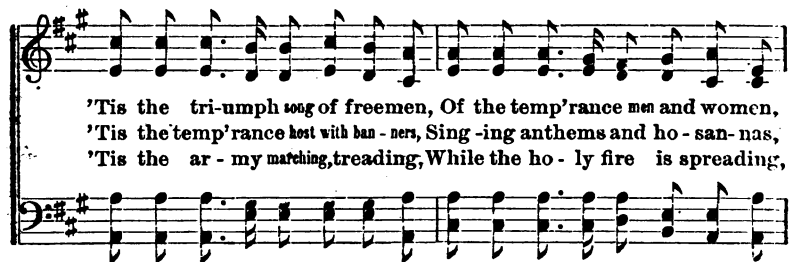
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



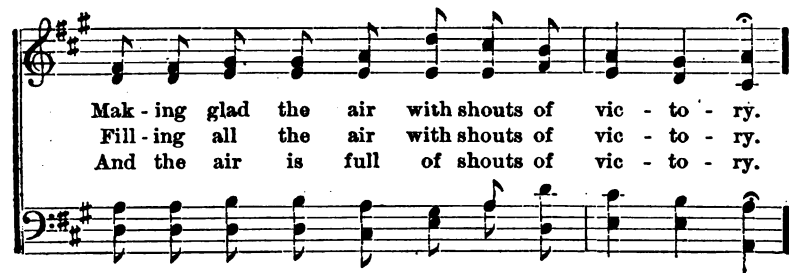
1. Do you hear the glad bells ring-ing? Do you hear the peo-ple sing-ing?
 2. Do you see the bright eyes beaming? Do you see the sa-bres gleaming?
 3. Does your throbbing heart grow lighter? Does the air around you brighter?



Do you won - der what the ju - bi - lee can be?
 Do you won - der what the noise and stir can be?
 Do you hear the al - le - lu - ias of the free?



'Tis the tri-umph song of freemen, Of the temp'rance men and women,
 'Tis the temp'rance host with ban - ners, Sing - ing anthems and ho - san - nas,
 'Tis the ar - my marching, treading, While the ho - ly fire is spreading,



Mak - ing glad the air with shouts of vic - to - ry.
 Fill - ing all the air with shouts of vic - to - ry.
 And the air is full of shouts of vic - to - ry.

THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

CHORUS.

O the bells! Their music swells O - ver

The ju - bi - lant bells! Their mu - sic swells

O the bells! Their music swells O - ver

The ju - bi - lant bells! Their mu - sic swells

land and o - ver sea; 'Tis the

The beau - ti - ful land, And o - ver the sea,

land and o - ver sea; 'Tis the

The beau - ti - ful land, And o - ver the sea,

song of vic - to - ry.

The triumph song of vic - to - ry, 'Tis the

song of vic - to - ry.

The triumph song of vic - to - ry,

an - them of the Tem - p'rance Ju - bi - lee.

No. 17. I'LL SWING INTO LINE.

E. A. H.

J. H. T.

1. I'll swing in - to line when you get a lit - tle further, When you
2. I know it would help you and make your army stronger, And I'll

ad lib.

get a lit - tle fur - ther I will see; (I will see;) I'll
think the mat - ter o - ver, I will see; (I will see;) But

a tempo.

swing in - to line when you get a lit - tle fur - ther, When you
if you'll excuse me, I'll wait a lit - tle lon - ger; When you

get a lit - tle fur - ther you can count on me.
get a lit - tle fur - ther you can count on me.

I'LL SWING INTO LINE.

RESPONSE CHORUS.



But we want your help to-day, sir, we want your help to-day, We
O my broth-er! come at once and for temperance pronounce; We



want the aid of all our friends to drive the fiend a-way; We
want a mil-lion men to join the ar-my right a-way; With



want your help to-day, sir, we want your help to-day, We
bold-ness and with courage your change of front announce, Oh,



want a mil-lion vol-unteers to bat-tle in the fray.
come and help the win-ning cause, and join the ranks to-day!

No. 18. RALLY ROUND THE BANNER.

J. L. FITZGERALD.



1. Ral - ly round the ban - ner, Its dust - y folds un - fur! Its
2. High - er raise the ban - ner, O'er free - men let it wave, A
3. Sol - diers, to the stand - ard! Ye sons of freedom's clime, Your
4. Come, ye friends of free - dom! Hold pro - hi - bi - tion up, Break



Rally, ral - ly,
Higher, higher,
Soldiers, soldiers,
Come, ye friend, ye friends,



mean - ing tell; And from the bat - tle - ments of peace Hurl
pow'r in - deed; Then to the polls, your rights as - sert, And
homes de - fend! Up to the bal - lot box, and there The
whis - key's reign; And forge for ev - 'ry home and heart Love's



hell, Hurl back



back the fiends of hell, Hurl back . . the fiends of hell.
there the doubt - ing lead, And there . . the doubt - ing lead.
hell - ish traf - fic end, The hell - - ish traf - fic end.
bright and gold - en chain, Love's bright and gold - en chain.



No. 19.

ONWARD GO!

E. A. H.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. God has spo - ken the conq'ring word, Onward go! on - ward go!
 2. Trust the promise that can - not fail, Onward go! on - ward go!
 3. 'Gainst the walls of this Jer - i - cho, Onward go! on - ward go!

He is a shield and a two-edg'd sword, On - ward, onward go!
 Ours is the standard that must pre - vail, On - ward, onward go!
 They shall be trampled in dust be - low, On - ward, onward go!

The kingdom of darkness has craft and gold, And millions upon its long
 The kingdom of darkness has greed and might; It comes to destroy as a
 The kingdom of darkness has wrought a mine Beneath ev'ry home and its

lists enroll'd; Soldiers of Christ! let your hearts be bold, Fearlessly onward go!
 flood by night; Let not its power thy soul affright, Fear-less-ly onward go!
 hallow'd shrine, Cursing the land with the blood-red wine, Fearlessly onward go!

No. 20. BRAVELY MARCHING ON.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Onward! onward! stand for temp'rance, Form your ranks a - new;
 2. Onward! bold - ly on for temp'rance, In God's strength prevail;
 3. Then at last a glorious vic - t'ry You thro' Christ shall win;

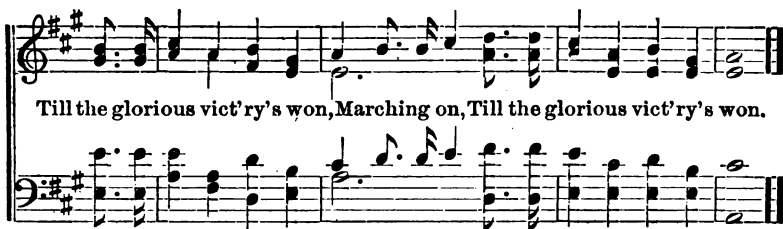
Fear ye not, nor be dis - couraged, Still the foe pur - sue.
 With a cour - age, no - ble, constant, You can nev - er fail.
 More than conq'rors in the con - flict With the hosts of sin.

CHORUS.

Stand for tem - p'rance, Stand for tem - p'rance,
 Stand for temp'rance, bravely marching on, Stand for temp'rance, bravely marching on,

Brave - ly marching on; Stand for temp'rance, Bravely marching on,
 Bravely marching, bravely marching on; Marching on,

BRAVELY MARCHING ON.

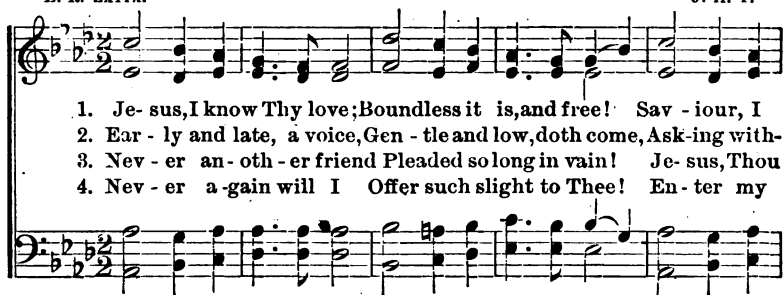


Till the glorious vict'ry's won, Marching on, Till the glorious vict'ry's won.

No. 21. WAITING SO LONG FOR ME.

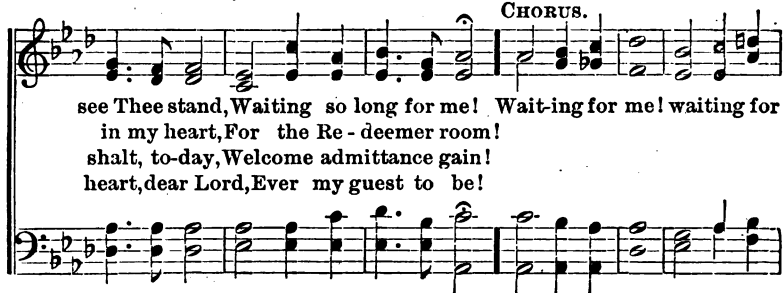
E. R. LATTI.

J. H. T.



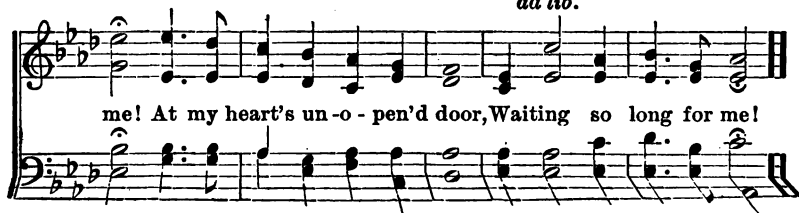
1. Je - sus, I know Thy love; Boundless it is, and free! Sav - iour, I
 2. Ear - ly and late, a voice, Gen - tle and low, doth come, Ask - ing with -
 3. Nev - er an - oth - er friend Pleaded so long in vain! Je - sus, Thou
 4. Nev - er a - gain will I Offer such slight to Thee! En - ter my

CHORUS.



see Thee stand, Waiting so long for me! Wait - ing for me! waiting for
 in my heart, For the Re - deemer room!
 shalt, to - day, Welcome admittance gain!
 heart, dear Lord, Ever my guest to be!

ad lib.

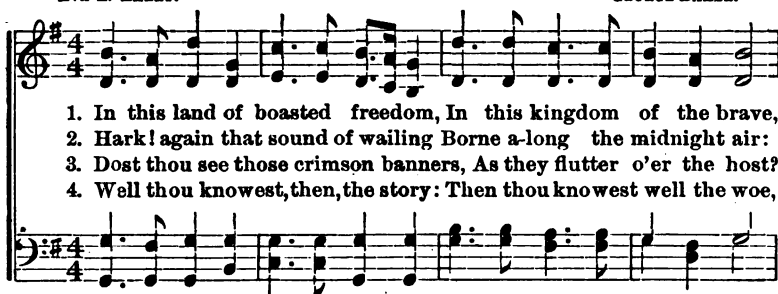


me! At my heart's un - o - pen'd door, Waiting so long for me!

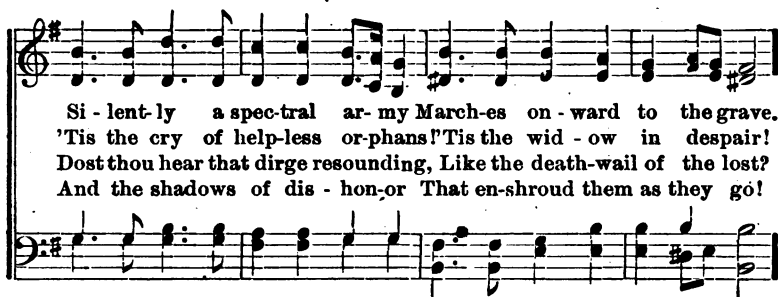
No. 22. THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

EVA L. EMERY.

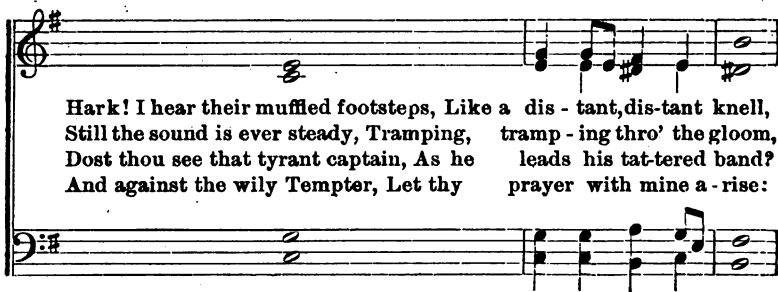
GEORGE BAKER.



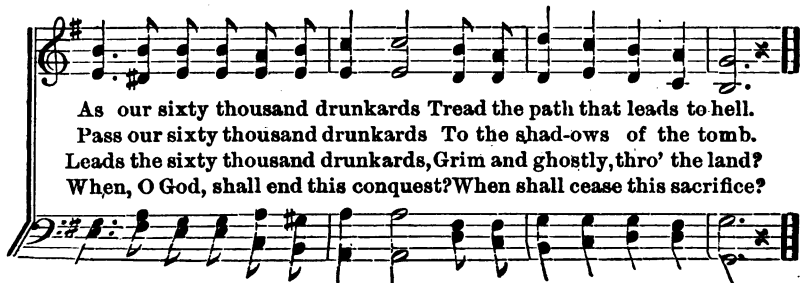
1. In this land of boasted freedom, In this kingdom of the brave,
 2. Hark! again that sound of wailing Borne a-long the midnight air:
 3. Dost thou see those crimson banners, As they flutter o'er the host?
 4. Well thou knowest, then, the story: Then thou knowest well the woe,



Si - lent - ly a spec - tral ar - my March - es on - ward to the grave.
 'Tis the cry of help - less or - phans! 'Tis the wid - ow in despair!
 Dost thou hear that dirge resounding, Like the death - wail of the lost?
 And the shadows of dis - hon - or That en - shroud them as they go!



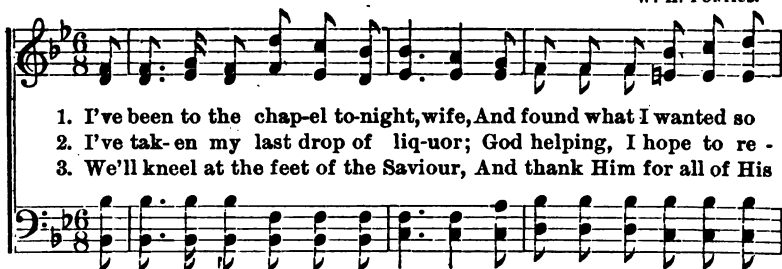
Hark! I hear their muffled footsteps, Like a dis - tant, dis - tant knell,
 Still the sound is ever steady, Tramping, tramp - ing thro' the gloom,
 Dost thou see that tyrant captain, As he leads his tat - tered band?
 And against the wily Tempter, Let thy prayer with mine a - rise:



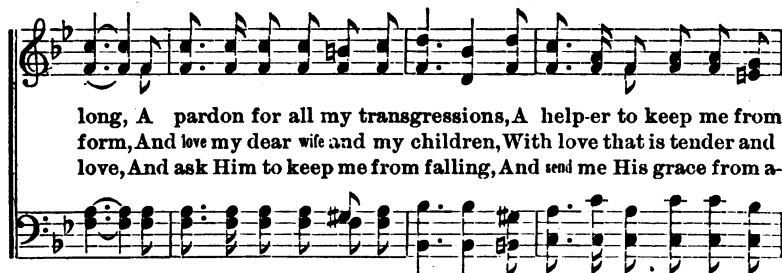
As our sixty thousand drunkards Tread the path that leads to hell.
 Pass our sixty thousand drunkards To the shad - ows of the tomb.
 Leads the sixty thousand drunkards, Grim and ghostly, thro' the land?
 When, O God, shall end this conquest? When shall cease this sacrifice?

No. 23. I'VE TAKEN THE LAST DROP.

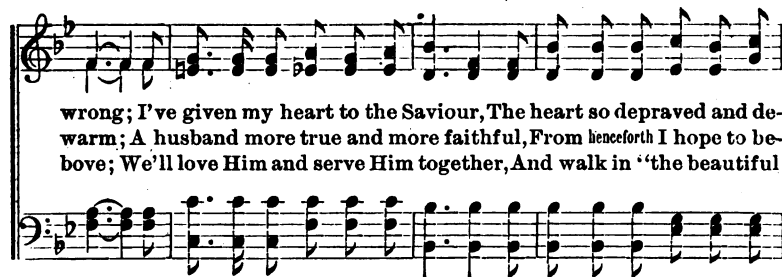
W. H. FONTIER.



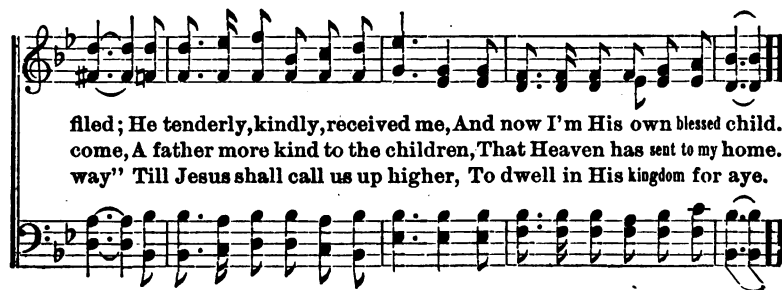
1. I've been to the chap-el to-night, wife, And found what I wanted so
2. I've tak-en my last drop of liq-uor; God helping, I hope to re -
3. We'll kneel at the feet of the Saviour, And thank Him for all of His



long, A pardon for all my transgressions, A help-er to keep me from
form, And love my dear wife and my children, With love that is tender and
love, And ask Him to keep me from falling, And send me His grace from a-



wrong; I've given my heart to the Saviour, The heart so depraved and de-
warm; A husband more true and more faithful, From henceforth I hope to be-
bove; We'll love Him and serve Him together, And walk in "the beautiful



filed; He tenderly, kindly, received me, And now I'm His own blessed child.
come, A father more kind to the children, That Heaven has sent to my home.
way" Till Jesus shall call us up higher, To dwell in His kingdom for aye.

No. 24.

SAVE THE BOY!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light and free, Fill'd my soul with
 2. Once he was so brave and true, Shun'd the tempter's pow'r; Once for right he
 3. Once he was my only hope, Source of joy and pride, Then I thought that
 4. Tell him though he's wandered far, Love can never die, Lives in hopes of

peace and joy; Life was dear to me; But he took the
 firm - ly stood, Till that dreadful hour. Bright and sparkling
 love might clasp, Hold him to my side; But to - day my
 his re - turn, Looks with pa-tient eye. Loving hearts have

fa-tal glass, 'Twas a fleeting joy, Drank, and lo, the hand of death
 was the cup, Seem'd without alloy, Fair the hand that captive led
 boy forsakes Home with all its joy, Far in sin he's wandering now,
 pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy, Keeping still a welcome there

CHORUS.

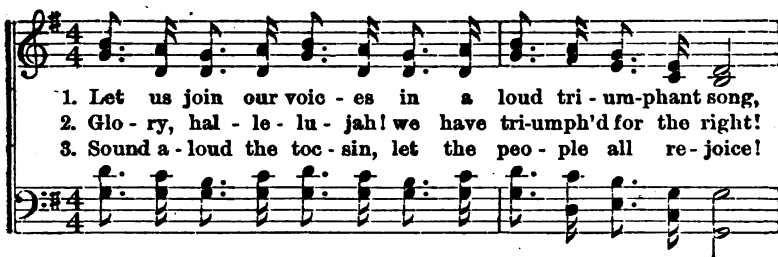
Grasp'd my darling boy. Save the boy! Save the boy! Heav'n will ring with
 My poor wandering boy!
 Save, oh, save my boy!
 For the wandering boy.

joy; Loving hearts are pleading now, Save, oh, save the boy!

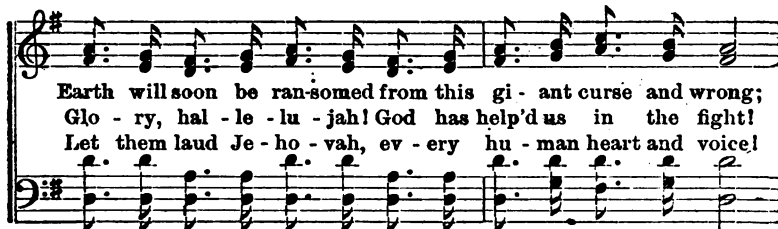
No. 25. HURRAH! THE VICTORY IS WON!

E. A. H.

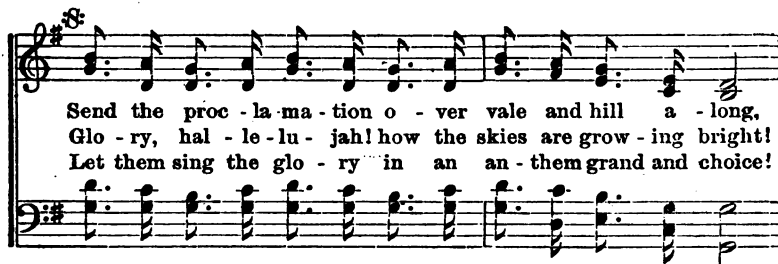
E. A. H.



1. Let us join our voices in a loud tri-umphant song,
 2. Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! we have tri-umph'd for the right!
 3. Sound a-loud the toc-sin, let the peo-ple all re-joice!



Earth will soon be ransomed from this gi-ant curse and wrong;
 Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! God has help'd us in the fight!
 Let them laud Je-ho-vah, ev-ery hu-man heart and voice!



Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill a-long,
 Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! how the skies are grow-ing bright!
 Let them sing the glo-ry in an an-them grand and choice!

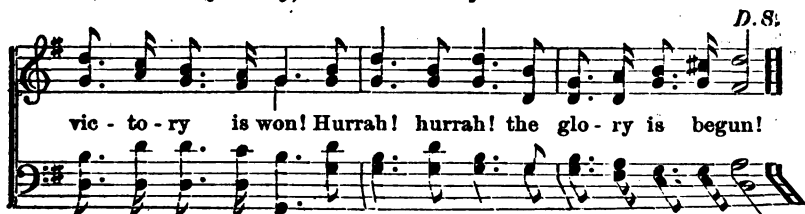
♩ Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill a-long,

FINE. CHORUS.



Praise God! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Hur-rah! hur-rah! the

Praise God! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

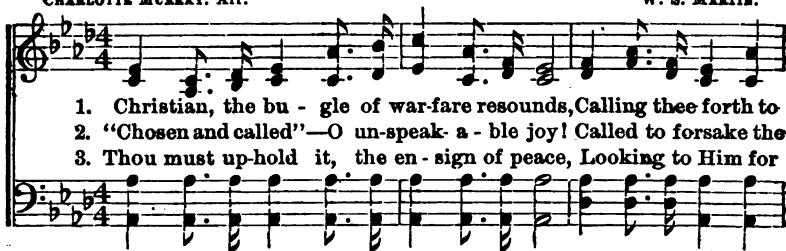


vic-to-ry is won! Hurrah! hurrah! the glo-ry is begun!

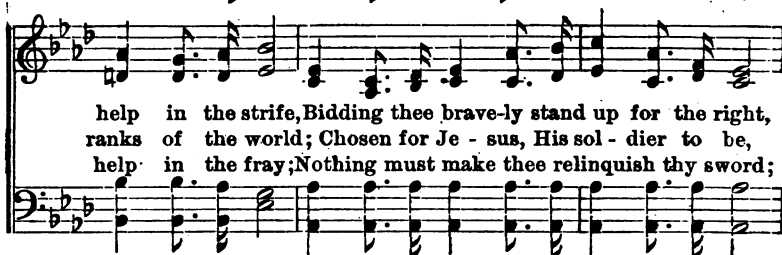
No. 26. WINNING THE DAY.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. ATT.

W. S. MARTIN.

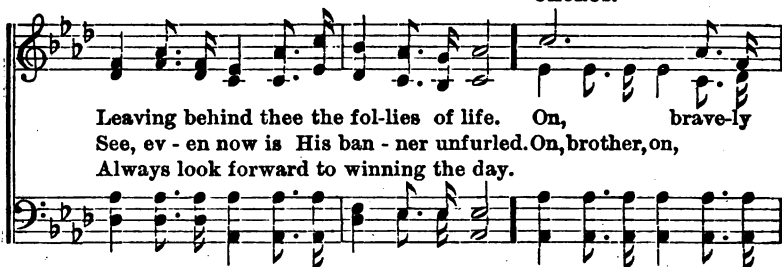


1. Christian, the bu - gle of war-fare resounds, Calling thee forth to
2. "Chosen and called"—O un-speak-a - ble joy! Called to forsake the
3. Thou must up-hold it, the en - sign of peace, Looking to Him for

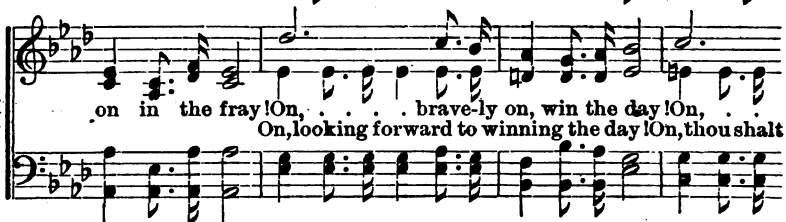


help in the strife, Bidding thee brave-ly stand up for the right,
ranks of the world; Chosen for Je - sus, His sol - dier to be,
help in the fray; Nothing must make thee relinquish thy sword;

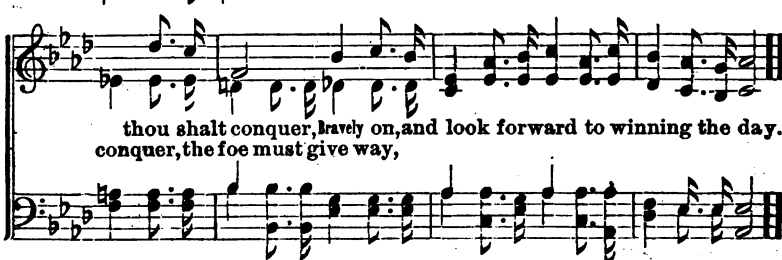
CHORUS.



Leaving behind thee the fol-lies of life. On, brave-ly
See, ev - en now is His ban - ner unfurled. On, brother, on,
Always look forward to winning the day.



on in the fray! On, brave-ly on, win the day! On,
On, looking forward to winning the day! On, thou shalt



thou shalt conquer, brave-ly on, and look forward to winning the day.
conquer, the foe must give way,

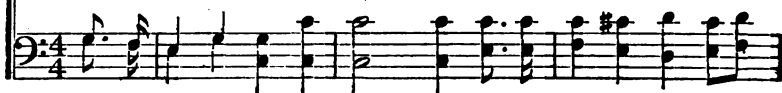
No. 27. DEATH OR VICTORY!

EDGAR A. HOLME.

J. H. T.



1. Hark! the tramp of coming ar - mies, From the hill - top, from the
2. These are brave men, these are true men, Ready e'er to dare and
3. In the strength of Christ, the Sav - iour, They have taken sword in



plain, Gath'ring into strong battalions, Singing loud this bold refrain:
do, Willing to defend home-al-tars, And to die for freedom, too.
hand, To uphold these noble land-marks, God and Home and Native Land.



CHORUS.



Death or vic - to - ry! Death or
Death or vic - to - ry! Death or vic - to - ry! Death or vic - to - ry!



rit.



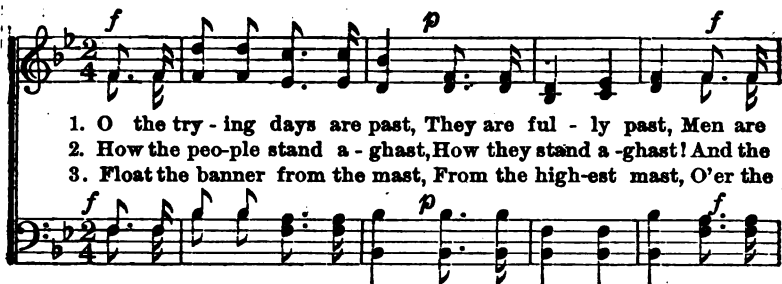
vic - to - ry! This our watchword e'er shall be, Death or vic - to - ry!
Death or vic-to-ry!



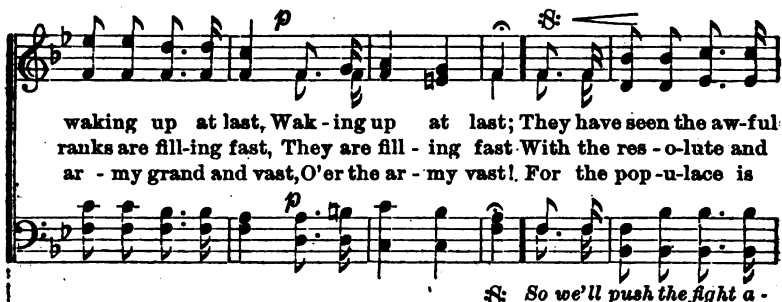
No. 28. WAKING UP AT LAST.

EDGAR A. HOLME.

J. H. T.

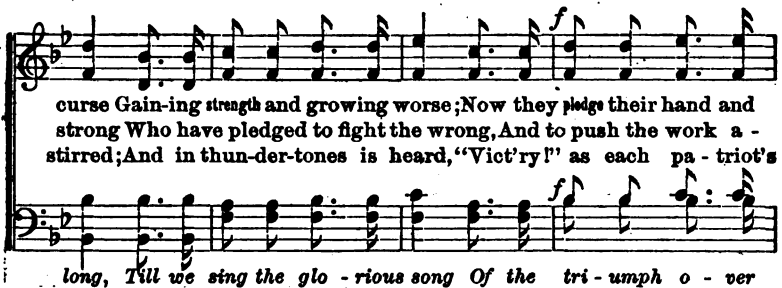


1. O the try-ing days are past, They are ful-ly past, Men are
2. How the peo-ple stand a-ghast, How they stand a-ghast! And the
3. Float the banner from the mast, From the high-est mast, O'er the



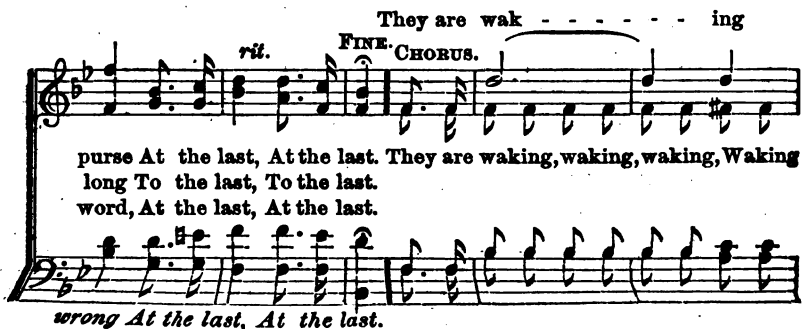
waking up at last, Wak-ing up at last; They have seen the aw-ful
ranks are fill-ing fast, They are fill-ing fast. With the res-o-lute and
ar-my grand and vast, O'er the ar-my vast! For the pop-u-lace is

So we'll push the fight a-



curse Gain-ing strength and growing worse; Now they pledge their hand and
strong Who have pledged to fight the wrong, And to push the work a-
stirred; And in thun-der-tones is heard, "Vict'ry!" as each pa-triot's

long, Till we sing the glo-rious song Of the tri-umph o-ver



rit. They are wak-ing ing
FINE. CHORUS.
purse At the last, At the last. They are waking, waking, waking, Waking
long To the last, To the last.
word, At the last, At the last.
wrong At the last, At the last.

WAKING UP AT LAST.

up at last, They are form - - - ing In an ar - my vast. *D.S.*

Musical score for 'Waking Up at Last'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. A slur covers the next four notes: D5, E5, F5, and G5. The melody continues with quarter notes A5, Bb5, and C6, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics 'up at last, They are form - - - ing In an ar - my vast.' are written below the staff, with 'D.S.' at the end.

No. 29. TASTE NOT THE WINE.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Musical score for 'Taste Not the Wine'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. A slur covers the next four notes: A5, B5, C6, and D6. The melody continues with quarter notes E6, F#6, and G6, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics '1. Taste not the wine, the ru - by wine, The fruit of vintage fair; 2. Bright, smiling lips the cup may sip, Fair hands may of-fer thee;' are written below the staff. The word 'FINE.' is written above the end of the staff.

D.C. Its end is death, e - ter - nal death; Oh, shun the fa - tal bowl!

Continuation of the musical score for 'Taste Not the Wine'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. A slur covers the next four notes: A5, B5, C6, and D6. The melody continues with quarter notes E6, F#6, and G6, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics 'A deadly ser - pent lurks within, Oh, shun the tempter's snare! Its venom'd sting will sorrow bring; Oh, flee the tempter, flee!' are written below the staff.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Musical score for the chorus of 'Taste Not the Wine'. The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. A slur covers the next four notes: A5, B5, C6, and D6. The melody continues with quarter notes E6, F#6, and G6, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics 'Touch not the cup, the sparkling cup! 'Tis poi - son to the soul!' are written below the staff.

No. 30.

FORWARD GO!

E. A. H.

J. H. T.

1. For - ward, for-ward, friends of Je - sus! Clear the
 2. On - ward go, the right de - fend-ing, To the
 3. On - ward, for-ward, un - to bat - tle! To the

Clear the way, clear the
 To the fray, to the

way! Tri - umph rings on all the breez - es;
 fray! On - ward, and on God de - pend - ing,
 fray! Let the grape and shrap - nel rat - tle,

way!
 fray!

To the fray! O'er the mountain tops ap -
 Clear the way! From the throne the Lord has
 Clear the way! O'er the field of wounded,

To the fray, to the fray!
 Clear the way, clear the way!

pear - ing Gleams the ban - ner bright and cheer - ing,
 spok - en, And His scep - tre is the to - ken
 bleed - ing, Noth - ing daunt - ed, noth - ing heed - ing,

FORWARD GO!

And the vic-to - ry is near - ing; Clear the way!
That sin's reign will sōon be broken; Clear the way!
God to vic - to - ry is lead - ing; Clear the way!

Clear the way! Clear the way!

CHORUS.

On, ye faith - ful, to the fray!
On, ye faith - ful, to the

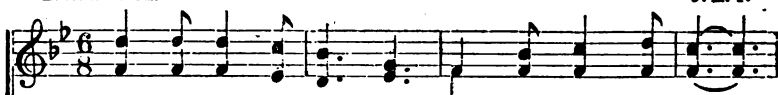
God will need stout hearts to - day!
fray! God will need stout hearts to - day!
God will need stout hearts to -

Sword in hand and safely shield - ed, Forward go, and clear the way.
day! Sword in hand and, etc. Forward go, and clear the way.

No. 31. COURAGE! FELLOW-PILGRIM.

E. A. WALSH.

J. H. T.



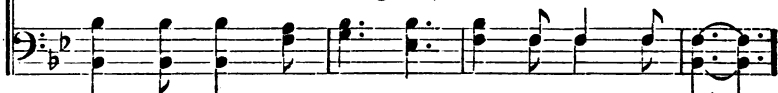
1. Cour-age! fel - low-pil - grim, Tho' the path be rough,
2. Cour-age! fel - low-trav - 'ler, O - ver life's rough sea,
3. Cour-age! fel - low-suf - f'rer, Tho' the pain be sharp,



Cho. - Cour - age! fel - low - pil - grim, Tho' the path be rough,



Je - sus is thy lead - er; Is not that e - nough?
 Je - sus in the ves - sel, Pi - lot true will be;
 Je - sus knows its an - guish, Je - sus felt its smart.



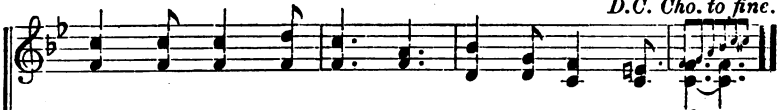
Je - sus is thy lead - er, Is not that e - nough?



Tho' the way be thorn - y, Des - o - late and drear;
 He will bid the bil - lows Sink in - to a calm,
 He can still its throb - bing, He can say "De - part,"



D.C. Cho. to fine.



Je - sus will up - hold thee, He is ev - er near.
 He will in the ha - vens, Shel - ter thee from harm.
 Strengthen thee in weak - ness, An - i - mate thy heart.



No. 32. RALLY FOR THE RIGHT!

E. A. H.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol-diers recruiting in the ranks of the Lord, Fall in - to line!
 2. There is a bat-tle to be fought for the Right, Fall in - to line!
 3. Ear-nest the conflict, needing brave men and strong, Fall in - to line!

Fall in - to line! Gird on the ar-mor, both the shield and the sword,
 Fall in - to line! And we can win it if we strike in our might,
 Fall in - to line! We will not fal-ter though the struggle be long,

CHORUS.

Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line! Ral-ly then! ral-ly then!

Ral-ly for the right! God needs the brave and true,

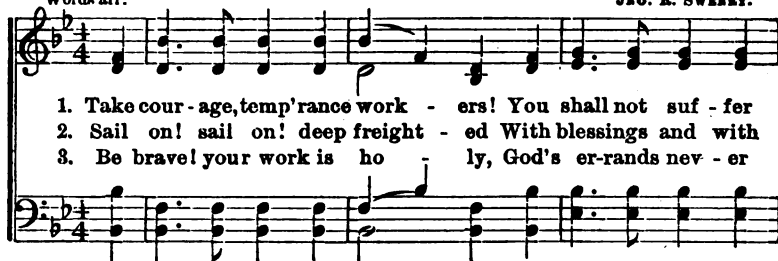
God needs the true! then

Ral-ly then! ral-ly then! Ral-ly in your might! God is calling you!

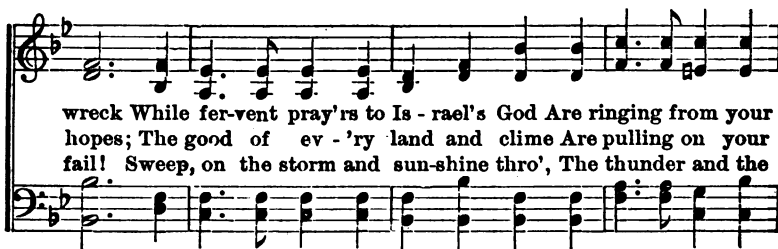
No. 33. THE SHIP OF TEMPERANCE.

Words arr.

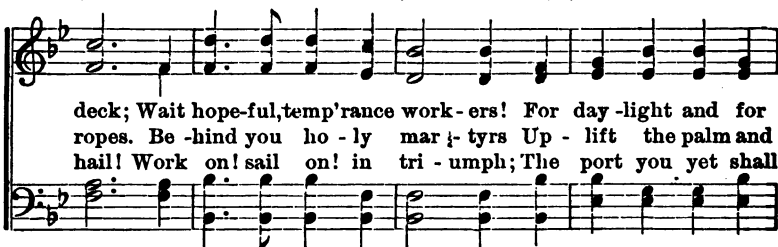
JNO. R. SWENNY.



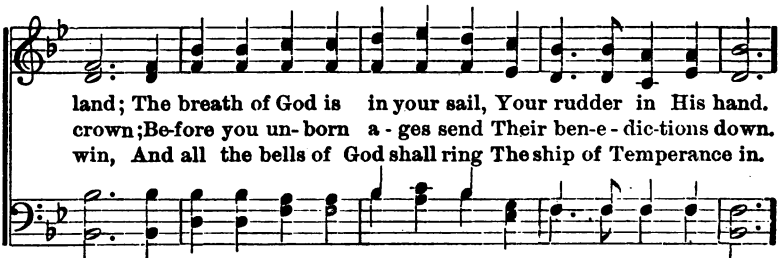
1. Take cour-age, temp'rance work - ers! You shall not suf - fer
 2. Sail on! sail on! deep freight - ed With blessings and with
 3. Be brave! your work is ho - ly, God's er-rands nev - er



wreck While fer-vent pray'rs to Is - rael's God Are ringing from your
 hopes; The good of ev - 'ry land and clime Are pulling on your
 fail! Sweep, on the storm and sun-shine thro', The thunder and the

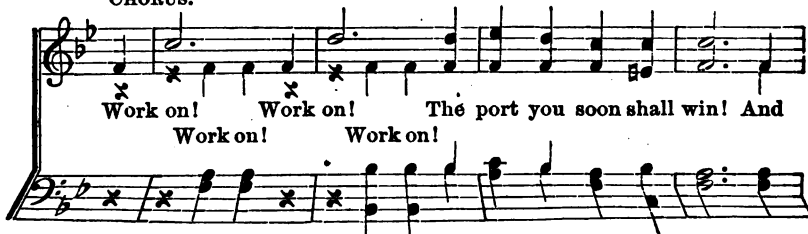


deck; Wait hope-ful, temp'rance work - ers! For day-light and for
 ropes. Be -hind you ho - ly mar - tyrs Up - lift the palm and
 hail! Work on! sail on! in tri - umph; The port you yet shall



land; The breath of God is in your sail, Your rudder in His hand.
 crown; Be-fore you un-born a - ges send Their ben-e-dictions down.
 win, And all the bells of God shall ring The ship of Temperance in.

CHORUS.



Work on! Work on! The port you soon shall win! And
 Work on! Work on!

THE SHIP OF TEMPERANCE.

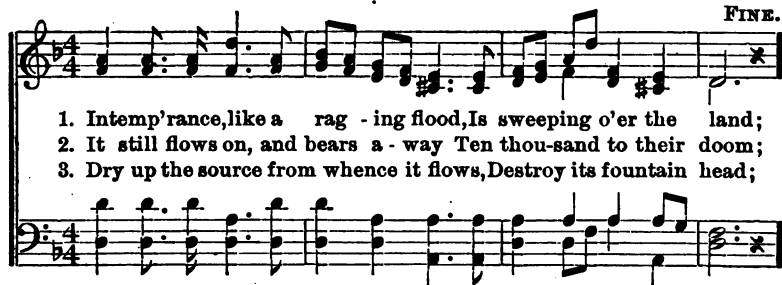


all the bells of God shall ring The ship of Temp'rance in.

No. 34. INTEMPERANCE, LIKE A RAGING FLOOD.

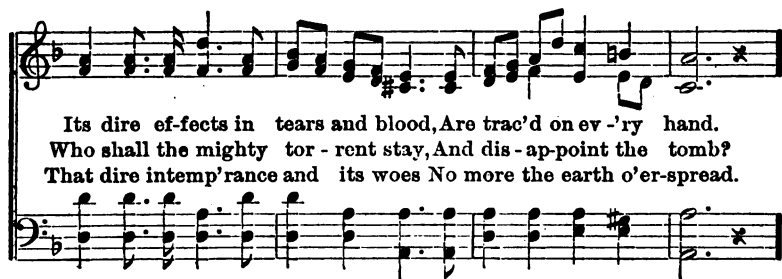
Arr. by J. H. T.

FINE.



1. Intemp'rance, like a rag - ing flood, Is sweep - ing o'er the land;
2. It still flows on, and bears a - way Ten thou - sand to their doom;
3. Dry up the source from whence it flows, Destroy its fountain head;

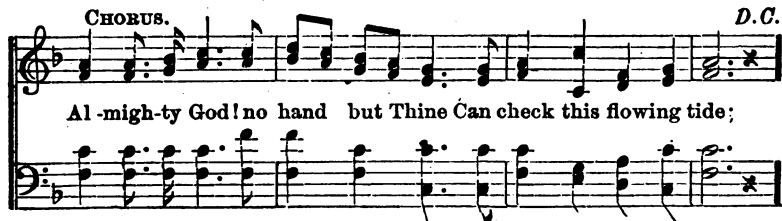
D.C.—Stretch out Thine arm of pow'r di - vine, And bid the flood sub - side.



Its dire effects in tears and blood, Are trac'd on ev-'ry hand.
Who shall the mighty tor - rent stay, And dis - appoint the tomb?
That dire intemp'rance and its woes No more the earth o'er-spread.

CHORUS.

D.C.



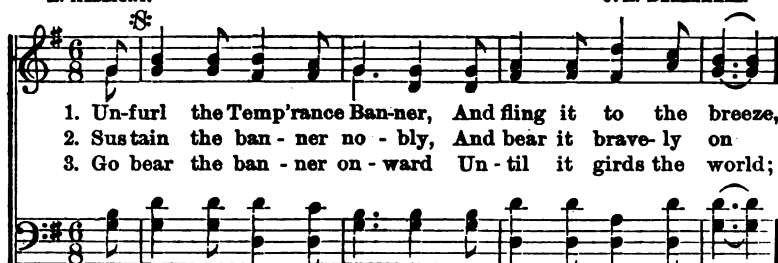
Al - migh - ty God! no hand but Thine Can check this flowing tide;

No. 35. UNFURL THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

E. ALBRIGHT.

J. E. DEERHAMMER.

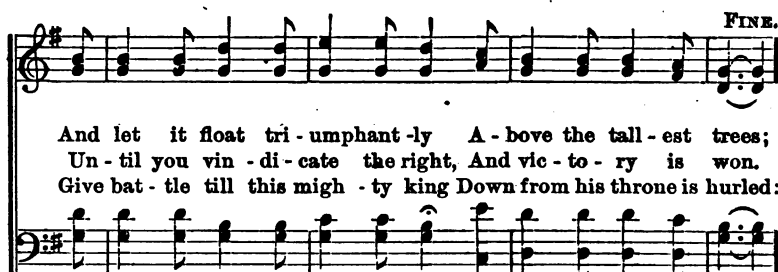
♩



1. Un-furl the Temp'rance Ban-ner, And fling it to the breeze,
 2. Sustain the ban - ner no - bly, And bear it brave-ly on
 3. Go bear the ban - ner on - ward Un - til it girds the world;

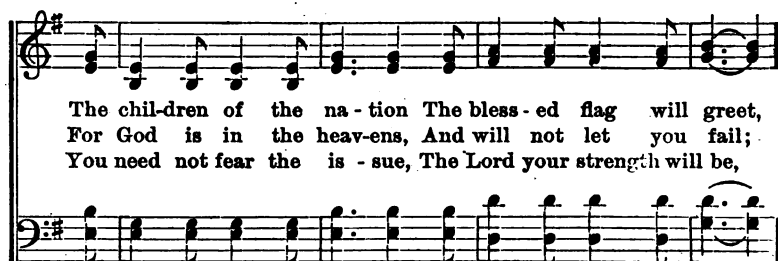
D.S. furl the glo - rious standard! A land-mark let it be

FINE.



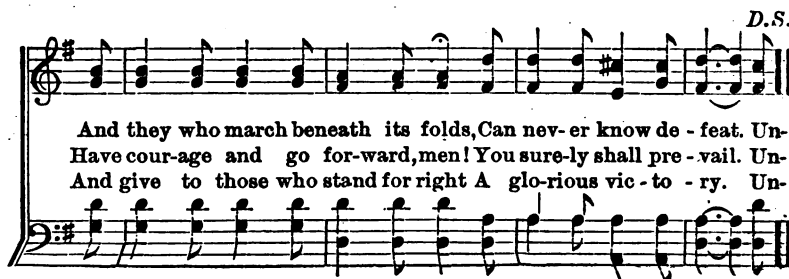
And let it float tri - umphant-ly A - bove the tall - est trees;
 Un - til you vin - di - cate the right, And vic - to - ry is won.
 Give bat - tle till this migh - ty king Down from his throne is hurled:

For all who fight for truth and right, And peace and lib - er - ty.



The chil-dren of the na - tion The bless - ed flag will greet,
 For God is in the heav-ens, And will not let you fail;
 You need not fear the is - sue, The Lord your strength will be,

D.S.

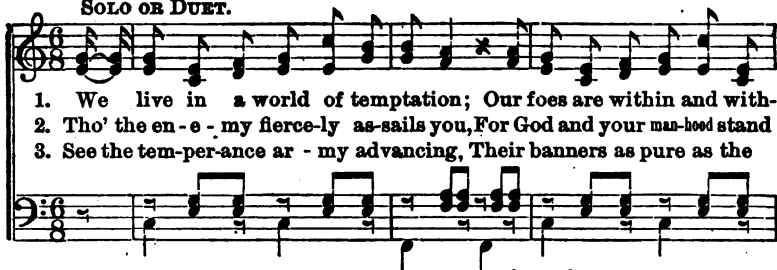


And they who march beneath its folds, Can nev - er know de - feat. Un-
 Have cour-age and go for-ward, men! You sure-ly shall pre - vail. Un-
 And give to those who stand for right A glo - rious vic - to - ry. Un-

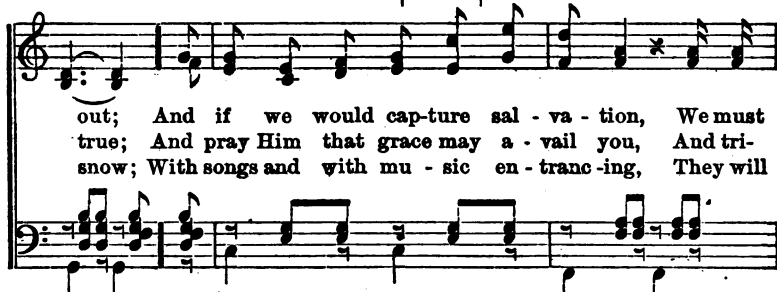
No. 36. NEVER CEASE STRIVING.

J. H. T. By per.

SOLO OR DUET.

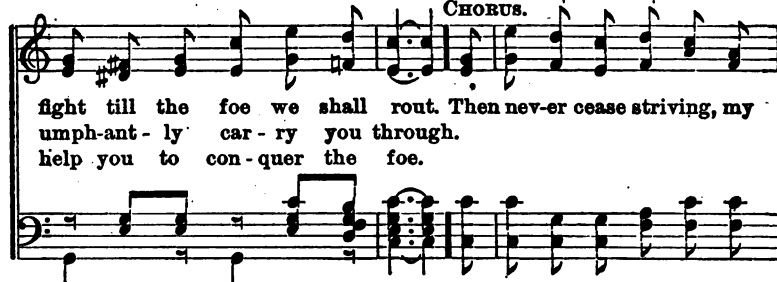


1. We live in a world of temptation; Our foes are within and with-
 2. Tho' the en-e-my fierce-ly as-sails you, For God and your man-hood stand
 3. See the tem-per-ance ar-my advancing, Their banners as pure as the

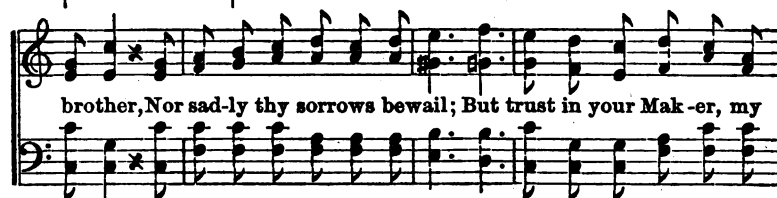


out; And if we would cap-ture sal-va-tion, We must
 true; And pray Him that grace may a-vail you, And tri-
 snow; With songs and with mu-sic en-tranc-ing, They will

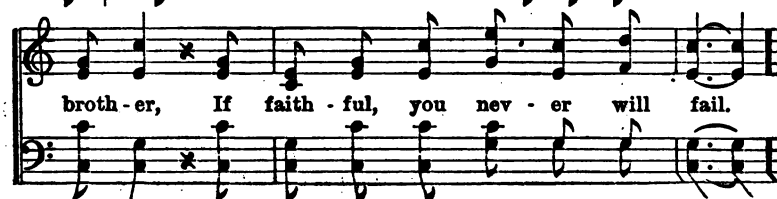
CHORUS.



fight till the foe we shall rout. Then nev-er cease striving, my
 umph-ant-ly car-ry you through.
 help you to con-quer the foe.



brother, Nor sad-ly thy sorrows bewail; But trust in your Mak-er, my



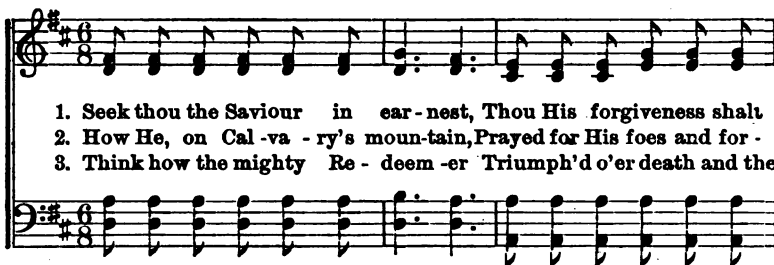
broth-er, If faith-ful, you nev-er will fail.

No. 37.

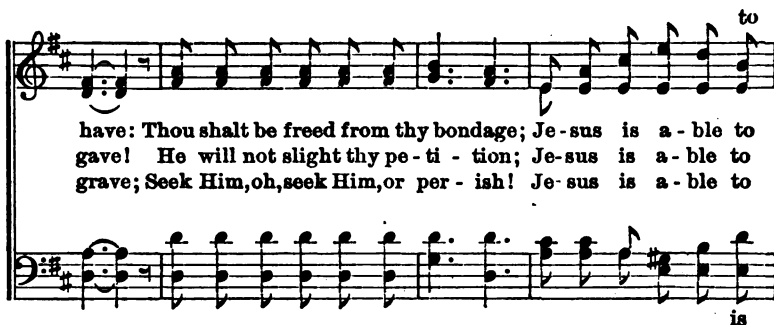
ABLE TO SAVE.

E. R. LATTA.

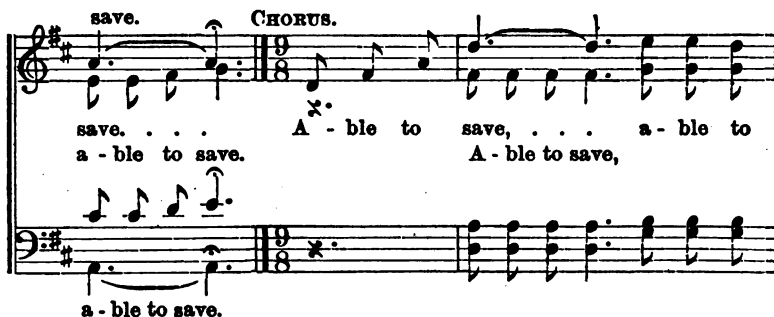
J. H. TENNEY



1. Seek thou the Saviour in ear-nest, Thou His forgiveness shalt
 2. How He, on Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, Prayed for His foes and for -
 3. Think how the mighty Re - deem - er Triumph'd o'er death and the



to
 have: Thou shalt be freed from thy bondage; Je - sus is a - ble to
 gave! He will not slight thy pe - ti - tion; Je - sus is a - ble to
 grave; Seek Him, oh, seek Him, or per - ish! Je - sus is a - ble to
 is

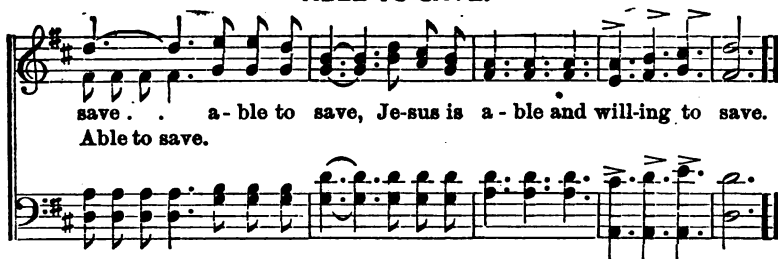


save. CHORUS.
 save. . . . A - ble to save, . . . a - ble to
 a - ble to save. A - ble to save,
 a - ble to save.



save, Je - sus is a - ble and willing to save, . . . A - ble to
 is a - ble and willing to save,

ABLE TO SAVE.

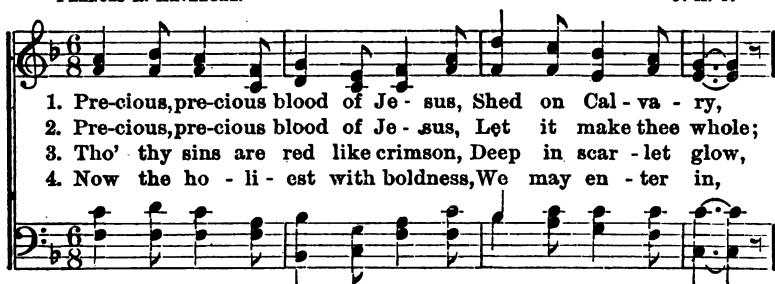


save . . a - ble to save, Je - sus is a - ble and will - ing to save.
Able to save.

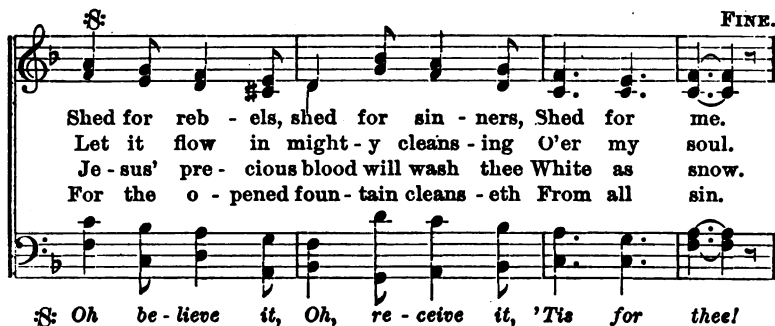
No. 38. PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. T.

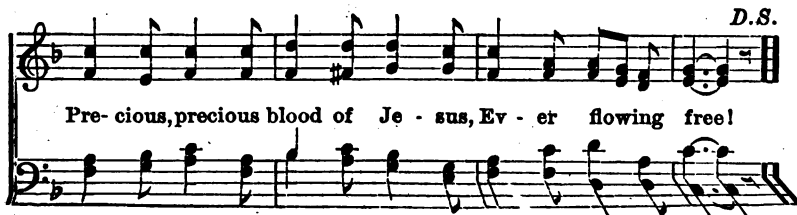


1. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;
3. Tho' thy sins are red like crimson, Deep in scar - let glow,
4. Now the ho - li - est with boldness, We may en - ter in,



Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me.
Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing O'er my soul.
Je - sus' pre - cious blood will wash thee White as snow.
For the o - pened foun - tain cleans - eth From all sin.

Oh be - lieve it, Oh, re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee!

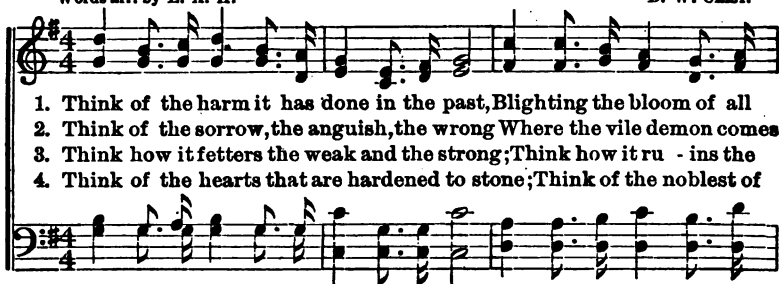


Pre - cious, precious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flowing free!

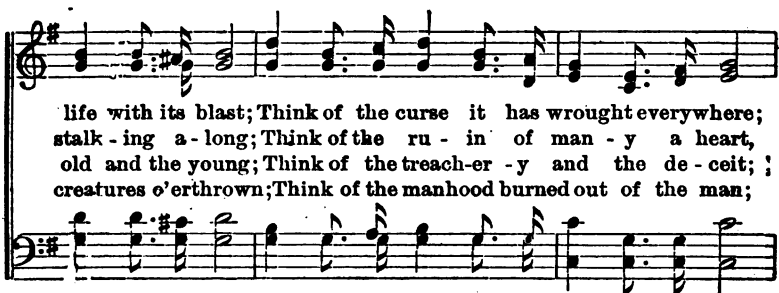
No. 39. DRINK, IF YOU DARE!

Words arr. by E. A. H.

D. W. CARST.

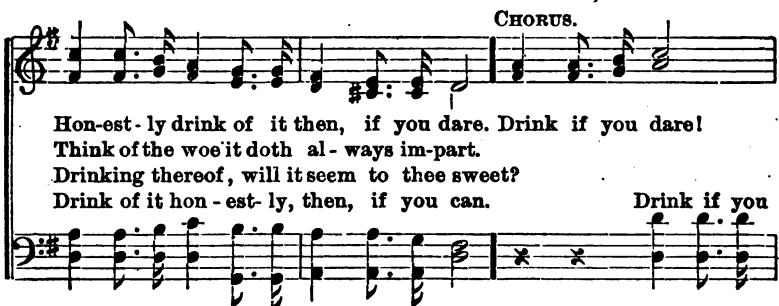


1. Think of the harm it has done in the past, Blighting the bloom of all
 2. Think of the sorrow, the anguish, the wrong Where the vile demon comes
 3. Think how it fetters the weak and the strong; Think how it ru - ins the
 4. Think of the hearts that are hardened to stone; Think of the noblest of

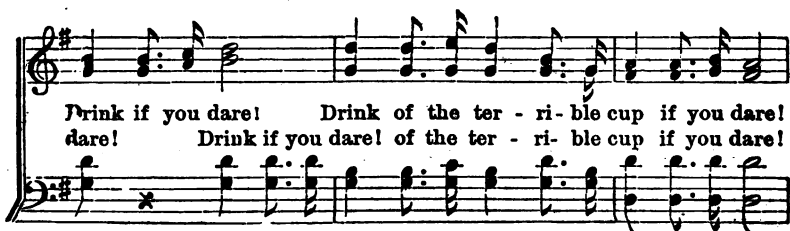


life with its blast; Think of the curse it has wrought everywhere;
 stalk - ing a - long; Think of the ru - in of man - y a heart,
 old and the young; Think of the treach - er - y and the de - ceit;
 creatures o' erthrown; Think of the manhood burned out of the man;

CHORUS.



Hon - est - ly drink of it then, if you dare. Drink if you dare!
 Think of the woe it doth al - ways im - part.
 Drinking thereof, will it seem to thee sweet?
 Drink of it hon - est - ly, then, if you can. Drink if you



Drink if you dare! Drink of the ter - ri - ble cup if you dare!
 dare! Drink if you dare! of the ter - ri - ble cup if you dare!

DRINK, IF YOU DARE!

Drink if you dare! Drink if you dare! Drink of the terrible cup if you dare!
 Drink if you dare! Drink if you dare! of the terrible cup if you dare!

No. 40. NEW MERCIES.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. T.

1. New mer-cies, new blessings, new light on thy way; New courage, new
 2. New wine in thy chal-ice, new al-tars to raise; New fruits for thy
 3. New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love; New gleams of the

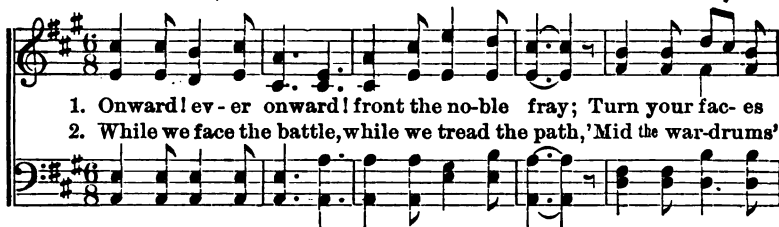
hope, and new strength for each day; New notes of thanks-giv-ing, new
 Mas-ter, new garments of praise; New gifts from His treasures, new
 glo-ry that waits thee a-bove; New light of His coun-te-nance

chords of de-light; New praise in the morning, new songs in the night.
 smiles from His face; New streams from the fountain of infinite grace.
 full and unpriced; All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ.

No. 41. ONWARD, EVER ONWARD.

Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D. D.

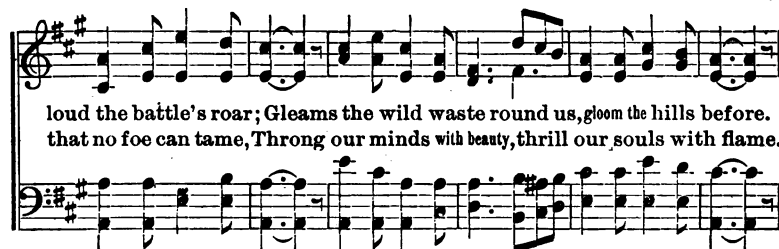
J. H. T. From a Swiss Melody.



1. Onward! ev - er onward! front the no - ble fray; Turn your fac - es
2. While we face the battle, while we tread the path, 'Mid the war - drums'

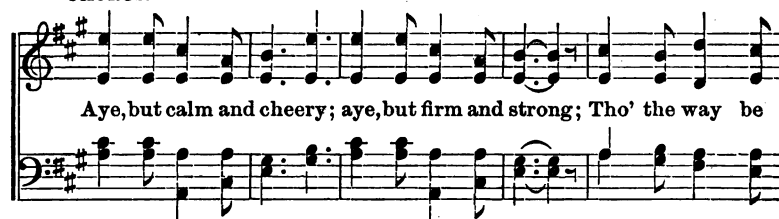


sun - ward all the burning day; Fierce the foe a - round us,
rat - tle, 'mid the trumpets' wrath, Let high tho'ts of du - ty,

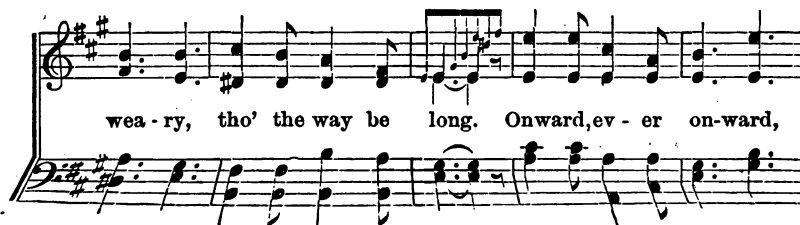


loud the battle's roar; Gleams the wild waste round us, gloom the hills before.
that no foe can tame, Throng our minds with beauty, thrill our souls with flame.

CHORUS.



Aye, but calm and cheery; aye, but firm and strong; Tho' the way be



wea - ry, tho' the way be long. Onward, ev - er on - ward,

ONWARD, EVER ONWARD.

front the noble fray, Turn your faces sun-ward all the burning day.

No. 42. WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

Dr. L. MASON.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev-er? When will peace
2. When shall love freely flow Pure as life's riv-er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Saviour! May we all
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev-er; Soon will peace

wreathe her chain Round us for-ev-er? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe
friendship glow, Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where
there u - nite, Happy for-ev-er! Where kindred spirits dwell, There
wreathe her chain Round us for-ev-er. Our hearts will then repose, Se -

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!
bias each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill? Never, no, nev-er!
may our music swell, And time our joys dispel Never, no, nev-er!
cure from worldly woes: Our songs of praise shall close Never, no, never!

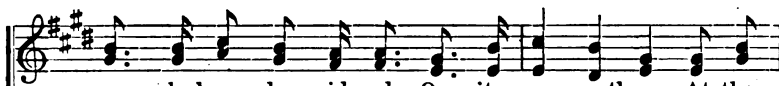
No. 43: THE SALOON MUST GO.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



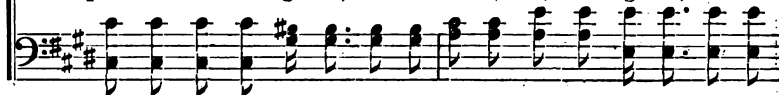
1. Tell the men who ped-dle liq-uor The sa-loon must go! That the
2. We pro- test against the tax-es; The sa-loon must go! We are
3. Men of courage, stand u - nit-ed; The sa-loon must go! Keep your



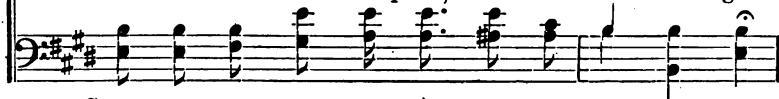
peo - ple have de - cid - ed On its o - verthrow; At the
wea - ry of the sor - row, Of the want and woe, Drink has
col - umns un - di - vid - ed; The sa-loon must go! We must



crime we have been winking, But of late have done some think-ing, And re-
been the curse of ages, Taking home, and health, and wages; Like con-
stop this crime and anguish; We must falter not, nor languish, But the



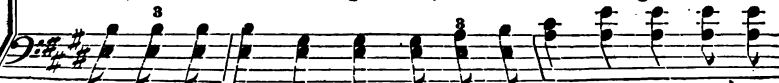
solved to stop this drink-ing; The sa - loon must go!
ta - gion still it rag - es; The sa - loon must go!
hosts of e - vil van- quish; The sa - loon must go!



CHORUS.



Yes, the sa-loon must go! Yes, the sa-loon must go! We are



THE SALOON MUST GO.

muster in the true men and the brave! Yes, the sa -

faithful and brave!

loon must go, Yes, the saloon must go, Our homes we must save! must save!

No. 44.

STIRLING. L. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Great God, whose hand outpours the rills, And springs that burst from all the hills,
2. We bless Thee for the crystal draught, By sin-less man in E - den quaffed,
3. If there the drunkards may not dwell, But woes crowd thick his path to hell;
4. Stay Thou, O Lord, the tide of death! Re-buke the de-mon's blasting breath!

At whose command the rock was riven, Who send'st on all thy rain from heaven.
Type of that fount whose streams above Flood endless worlds with life and love.
Oh, wake and help us, Lord, to save Their souls from thirst beyond the grave.
And speed, oh speed, on every shere, The day when strong drink slays no more.

No. 45. THE DEAR OLD HOME.

FANNIE CHADWICK.

J. H. KISSENGER. By pop.

1. I'm dreaming to-night of the home I had cherished in years gone by, So
 2. But lightly at first came the tempter's spell, Growing so fast and sure, Till
 3. Ah! lost, lost to me are the joys of home! Fear and hope are gone! An
 4. But show me a hand, yes, a helping hand, To turn me to the right, —and

filled with the love of each heart so glad; How bright each laughing eye.
 sad - ly the darkness of midnight fell On loved ones fond and pure.
 out - cast, a wretch, far a - way I roam, All friendless and for - lorn.
 weak as I am, I will take my stand, And sign the pledge to-night.

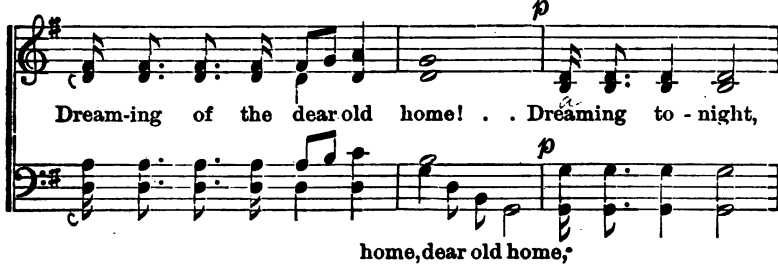
CHORUS.

Man - y are the homes that are clouded to-night, Longing for the curse to

cease; Man - y are the hands that are working for the right, To

bless the land with peace. Dreaming to-night, Dreaming to-night,

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

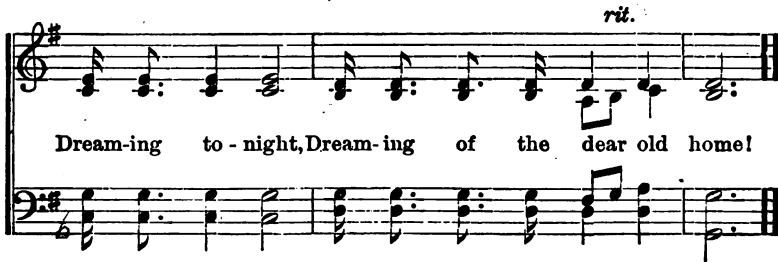


p

Dream-ing of the dear old home! . . Dreaming to - night,

p

home, dear old home,



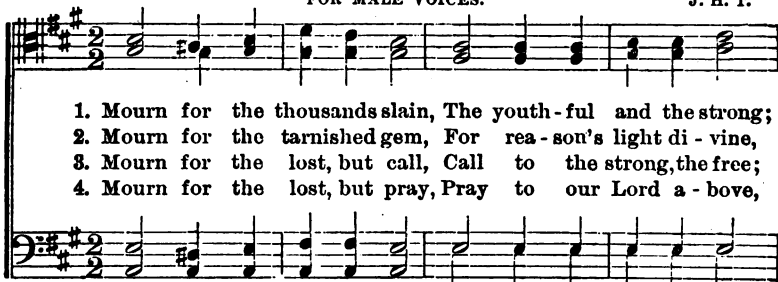
rit.

Dream-ing to - night, Dream-ing of the dear old home!

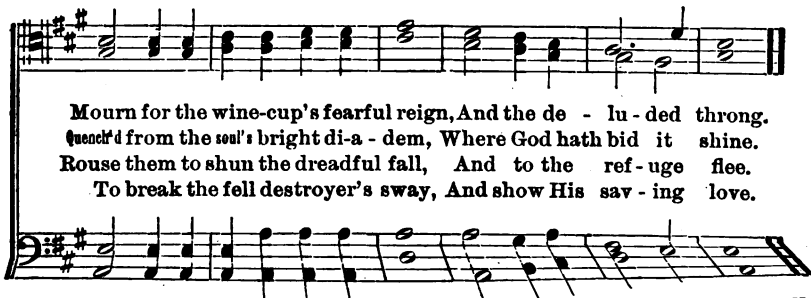
No. 46. MOURN FOR THEM.

FOR MALE VOICES.

J. H. T.



1. Mourn for the thousand slain, The youth - ful and the strong;
 2. Mourn for the tarnished gem, For rea - son's light di - vine,
 3. Mourn for the lost, but call, Call to the strong, the free;
 4. Mourn for the lost, but pray, Pray to our Lord a - bove,

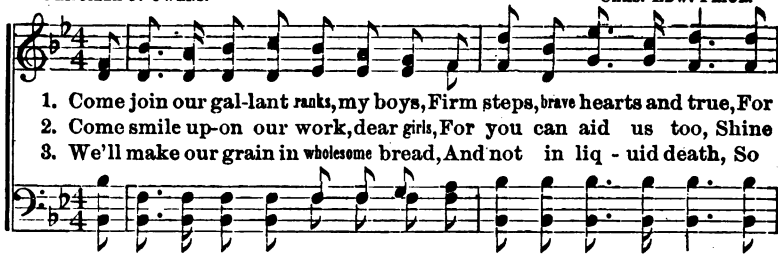


Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de - lu - ded throng.
 Quench'd from the soul's bright di - a - dem, Where God hath bid it shine.
 Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.
 To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show His sav - ing love.

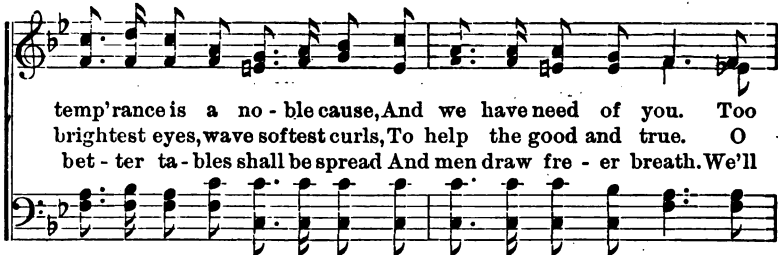
No. 47. WHEN WE ARE TWENTY-ONE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

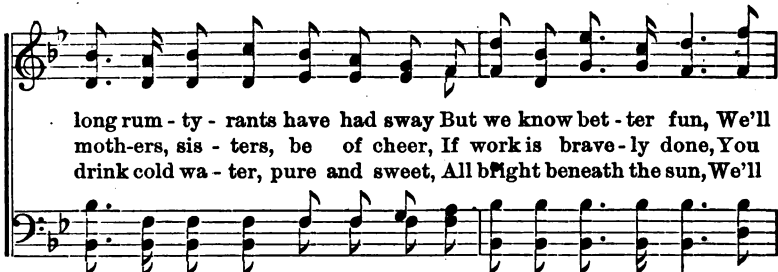
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



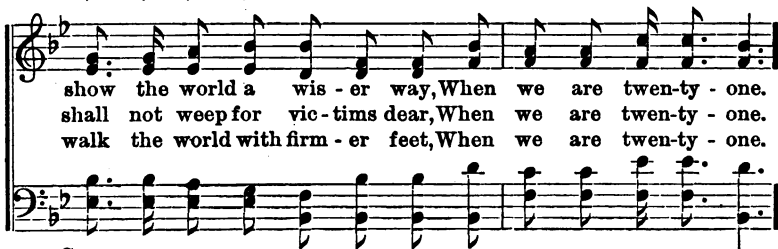
1. Come join our gal-lant ranks, my boys, Firm steps, brave hearts and true, For
2. Come smile up-on our work, dear girls, For you can aid us too, Shine
3. We'll make our grain in wholesome bread, And not in liq - uid death, So



temp'rance is a no - ble cause, And we have need of you. Too
brightest eyes, wave softest curls, To help the good and true. O
bet - ter ta - bles shall be spread And men draw fre - er breath. We'll

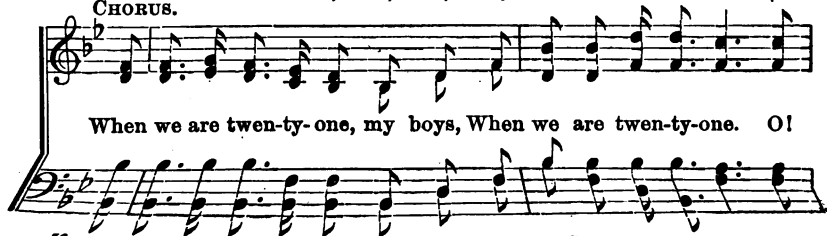


long rum - ty - rants have had sway But we know bet - ter fun, We'll
moth - ers, sis - ters, be of cheer, If work is brave - ly done, You
drink cold wa - ter, pure and sweet, All bright beneath the sun, We'll



show the world a wis - er way, When we are twen - ty - one.
shall not weep for vic - tims dear, When we are twen - ty - one.
walk the world with firm - er feet, When we are twen - ty - one.

CHORUS.



When we are twen - ty - one, my boys, When we are twen - ty - one. O!

WHEN WE ARE TWENTY-ONE.

won't we vote for temp'rance laws, When we are twen-ty - one!

No. 48. CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball;
3. Oh, that with you-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

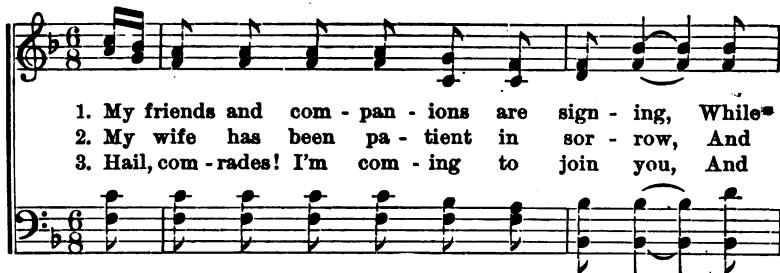
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

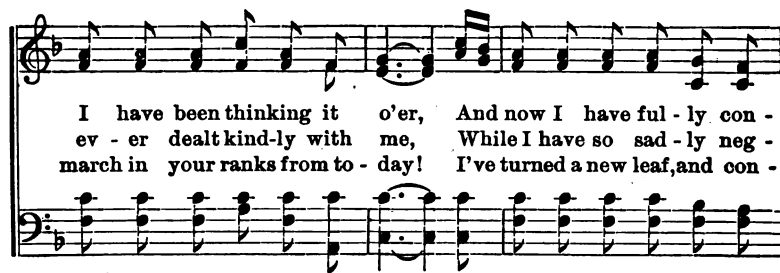
No. 49. I WILL SIGN, OR I'LL TURN A NEW LEAF.

EDGAR A. HOLME.

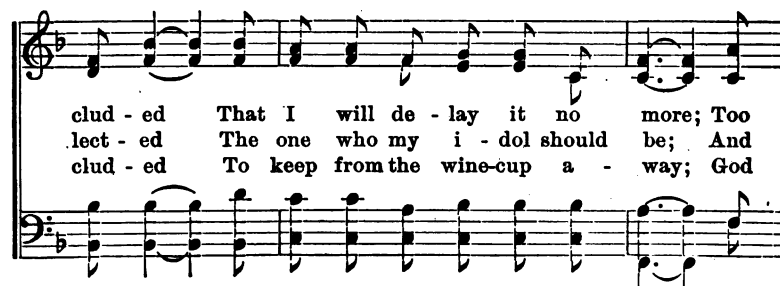
S. W. STRAUB.



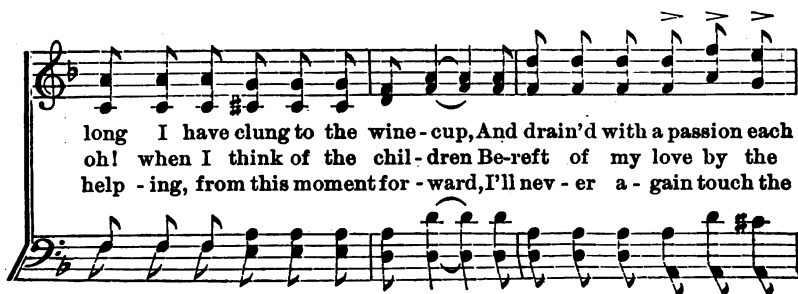
1. My friends and com - pan - ions are sign - ing, While
2. My wife has been pa - tient in sor - row, And
3. Hail, com - rades! I'm com - ing to join you, And



I have been thinking it o'er, And now I have ful - ly con -
ev - er dealt kind - ly with me, While I have so sad - ly neg -
march in your ranks from to - day! I've turned a new leaf, and con -

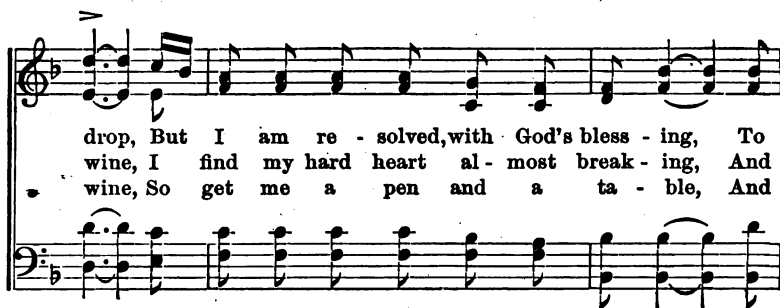


clud - ed That I will de - lay it no more; Too
lect - ed The one who my i - dol should be; And
clud - ed To keep from the wine-cup a - way; God



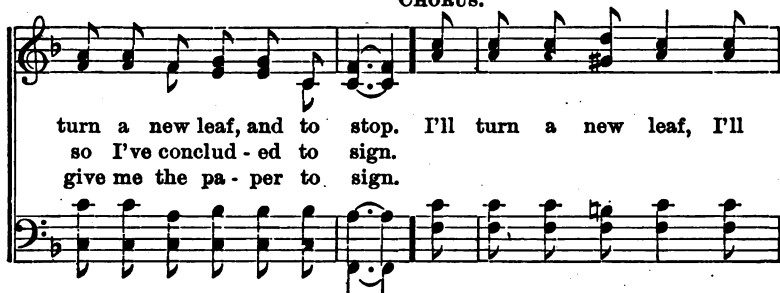
long I have clung to the wine-cup, And drain'd with a passion each
oh! when I think of the chil - dren Be - reft of my love by the
help - ing, from this moment for - ward, I'll nev - er a - gain touch the

I WILL SIGN, OR I'LL TURN A NEW LEAF.



drop, But I am re - solved, with God's bless - ing, To
wine, I find my hard heart al - most break - ing, And
wine, So get me a pen and a ta - ble, And

CHORUS.



turn a new leaf, and to stop. I'll turn a new leaf, I'll
so I've conclud - ed to sign.
give me the pa - per to sign.



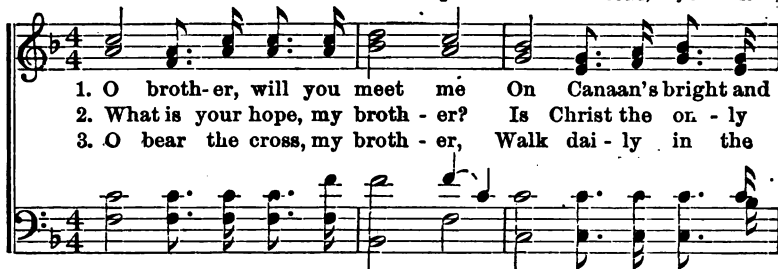
turn a new leaf, I'll turn a new leaf and I'll stop. O



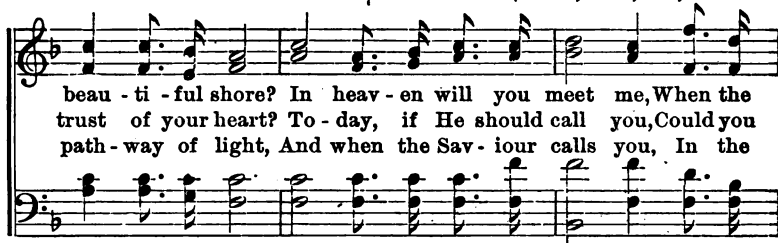
I am resolv'd, with God's blessing, To turn a new leaf, and to stop.

No. 50. WOULD YOU MEET ME IN THE KINGDOM?

Arranged from a "JUBILEE SONG," by J. H. T.

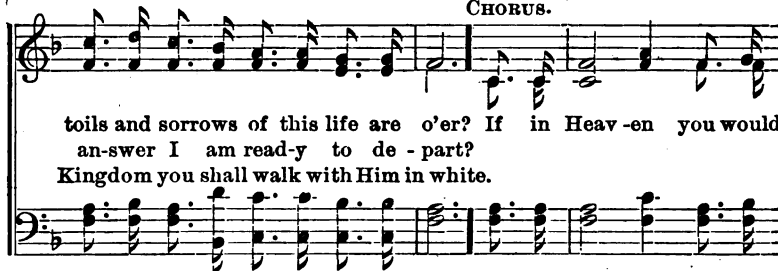


1. O broth-er, will you meet me On Canaan's bright and
 2. What is your hope, my broth - er? Is Christ the or - ly
 3. O bear the cross, my broth - er, Walk dai - ly in the

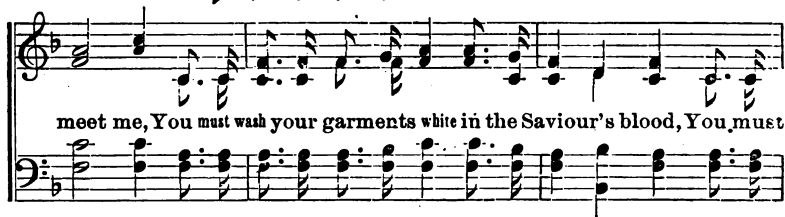


beau - ti - ful shore? In heav - en will you meet me, When the
 trust of your heart? To - day, if He should call you, Could you
 path - way of light, And when the Sav - iour calls you, In the

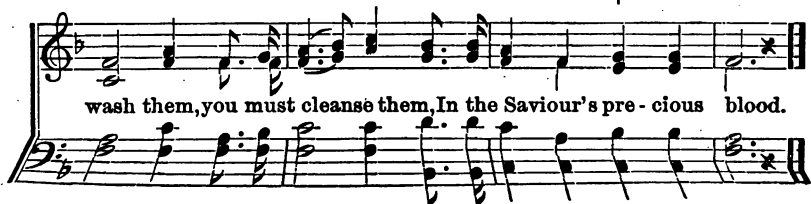
CHORUS.



toils and sorrows of this life are o'er? If in Heav-en you would
 an-swer I am read-y to de - part?
 Kingdom you shall walk with Him in white.



meet me, You must wash your garments white in the Saviour's blood, You must

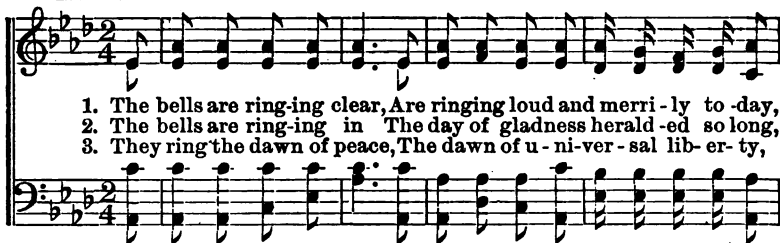


wash them, you must cleanse them, In the Saviour's pre - cious blood.

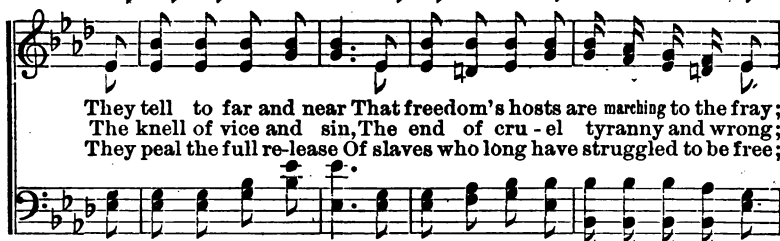
No. 51. TEMPERANCE BELLS.

E. A. H.

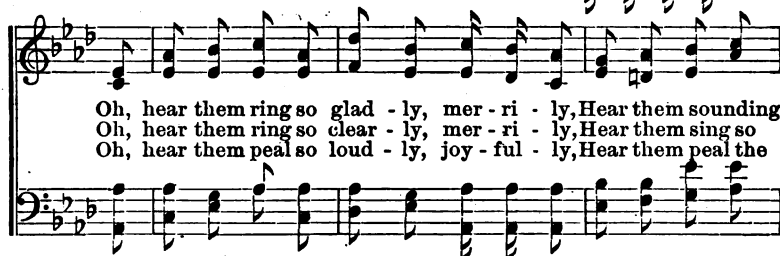
E. A. HOFFMAN.



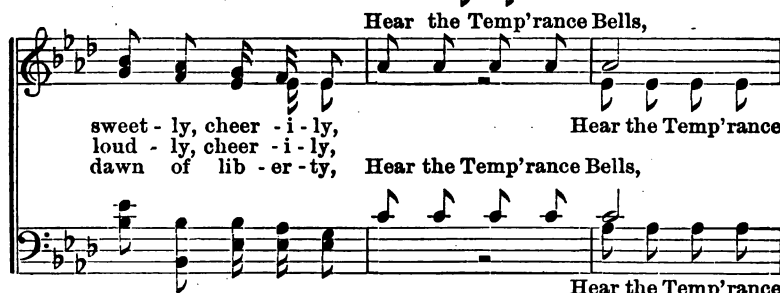
1. The bells are ring-ing clear, Are ringing loud and mer-ri-ly to-day,
 2. The bells are ring-ing in The day of gladness herald-ed so long,
 3. They ring the dawn of peace, The dawn of u-ni-ver-sal lib-er-ty,



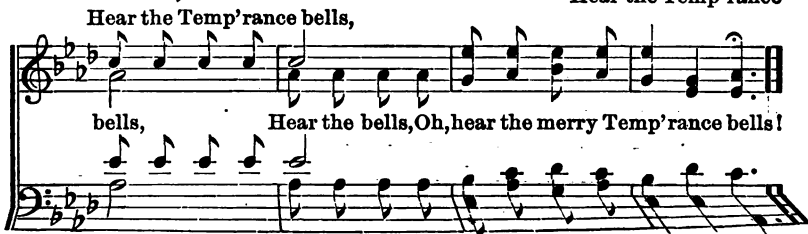
They tell to far and near That freedom's hosts are marching to the fray;
 The knell of vice and sin, The end of cru-el tyranny and wrong;
 They peal the full re-lease Of slaves who long have struggled to be free;



Oh, hear them ring so glad-ly, mer-ri-ly, Hear them sounding
 Oh, hear them ring so clear-ly, mer-ri-ly, Hear them sing so
 Oh, hear them peal so loud-ly, joy-ful-ly, Hear them peal the



Hear the Temp'rance Bells,
 sweet-ly, cheer-i-ly,
 loud-ly, cheer-i-ly,
 dawn of lib-er-ty, Hear the Temp'rance Bells,
 Hear the Temp'rance



Hear the Temp'rance bells,
 bells, Hear the bells, Oh, hear the merry Temp'rance bells!
 bells,

bells,

Hear the bells, Oh, hear
 Copyright, 1893, by O. DITSON & Co.

No. 52. A LITTLE BAND OF HOPE BOY.

R. H. SADLER.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

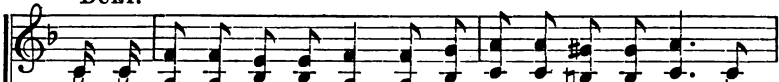


1. A lit - tle Band of Hope boy, I'm on - ly four years old; I
 2. My moth - er of - ten tells me, Men love the nas - ty stuff, But
 3. And if they cry when hun - gry, They beat them ve - ry much; I
 4. If some one beer should give me, Which some day they may do, I'll



don't know much a - bout it, But on - ly what I'm told.
 do not love their chil - dren, Nor give them food e - nough.
 think they're ver - y naugh - ty, I nev - er will be such.
 say, 'My father says, 'Don't drink,' And moth - er says so, too.'

DUET.



I'm a lit - tle Band of Hope boy, I'm on - ly four years old So,



tim I know what's bet - ter, I'll do just what I'm told.

No. 53. STANDING ON THE MIGHTY ROCK.

A. W. FRENCH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Stand-ing on the Migh-ty Rock, Migh-ty Rock, Mighty Rock,
 2. Let the wa-ters mad-ly sweep, Mad-ly sweep, mad-ly sweep,
 3. Some may seek the shift-ing sand, Shift-ing sand, shifting sand,
 4. We have suf-fer'd pain and loss, Pain and loss, pain and loss,

Far a-bove the bil-low's shock, Safe with Je-sus.
 Care we not if we may keep Close to Je-sus.
 Ours the bet-ter part to stand Safe with Je-sus.
 Now we rest be-neath the cross, Safe with Je-sus.

CHORUS. *p*

And we cry: Christ is nigh; { He will guard our lit-tle flock, }
 { From the storm and billow's shock, }

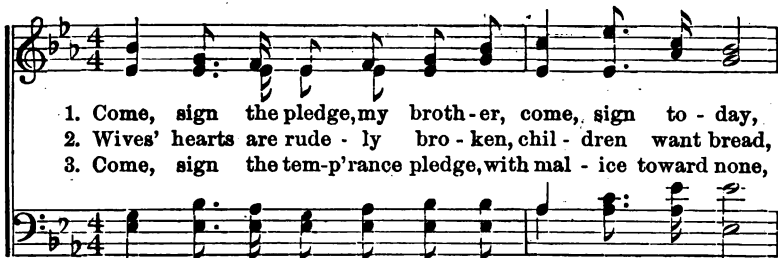
f

Stand-ing on the Migh-ty Rock, Safe with Je-sus.

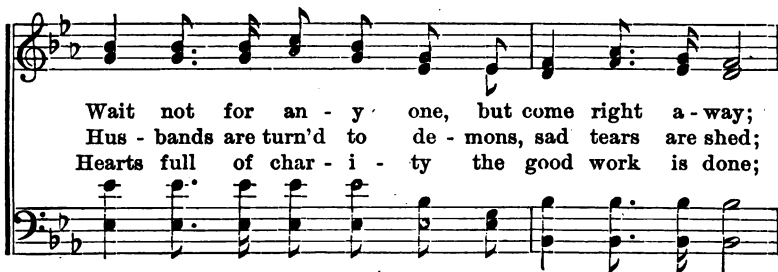
No. 54. SIGN THE PLEDGE.

R. A. G.

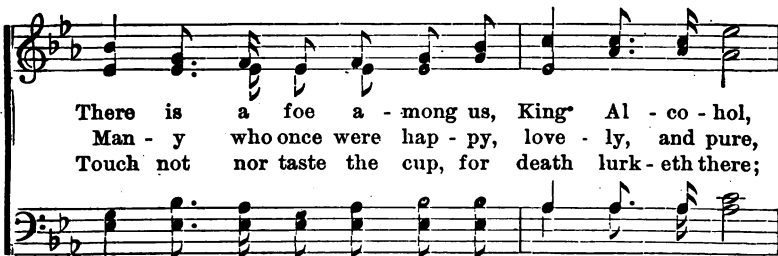
R. A. GLENK.



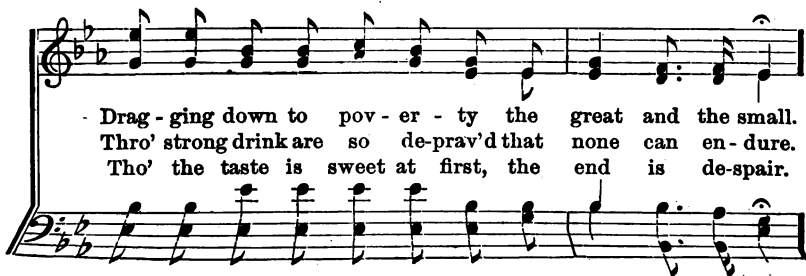
1. Come, sign the pledge, my broth-er, come, sign to-day,
 2. Wives' hearts are rude-ly bro-ken, chil-dren want bread,
 3. Come, sign the tem-p'rance pledge, with mal-ice toward none,



Wait not for an-y one, but come right a-way;
 Hus-bands are turn'd to de-mons, sad tears are shed;
 Hearts full of char-i-ty the good work is done;



There is a foe a-mong us, King Al-co-hol,
 Man-y who once were hap-py, love-ly, and pure,
 Touch not nor taste the cup, for death lurk-eth there;



Drag-ging down to pov-er-ty the great and the small.
 Thro' strong drink are so de-prav'd that none can en-dure.
 Tho' the taste is sweet at first, the end is de-spair.

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

CHORUS.

Sign the pledge, sign the pledge, There will
sign the pledge, sign the pledge, Sign the pledge,

nev-er be a bet-ter time; Sign the pledge, sign the
sign the pledge,

pledge, Come and sign it while you can, Prove your-
sign the pledge,

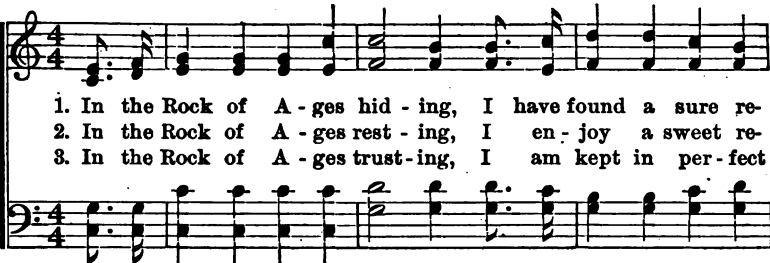
self an hon-est man; Sign the pledge, sign the
sign the pledge,

pledge, There will nev-er be a bet-ter time.
sign the pledge,

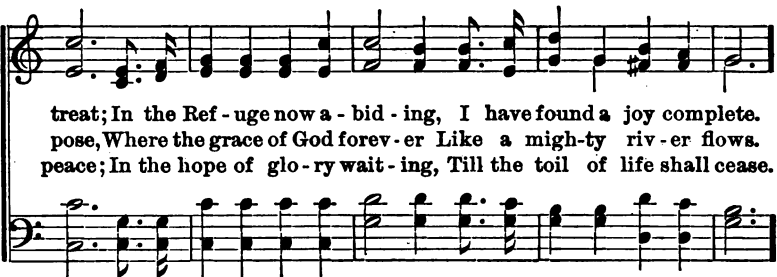
No. 55. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

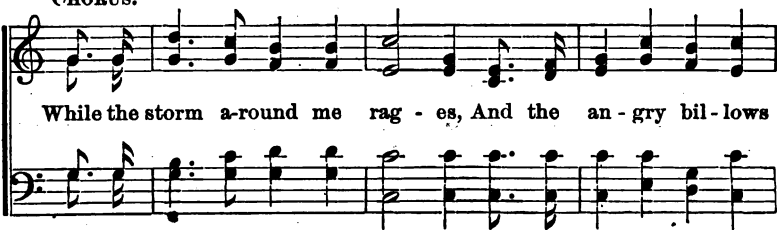


1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re-
 2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re-
 3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect

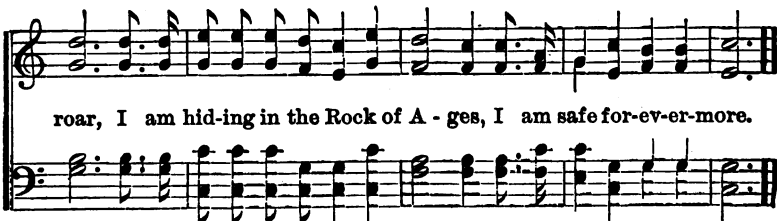


treat; In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy complete.
 pose, Where the grace of God forev - er Like a migh - ty riv - er flows.
 peace; In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

CHORUS.



While the storm a - round me rag - es, And the an - gry bil - lows

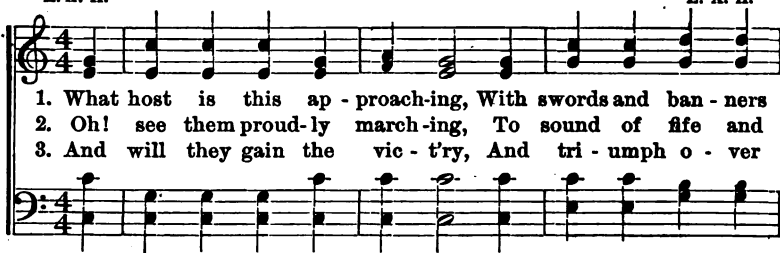


roar, I am hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ev - er - more.

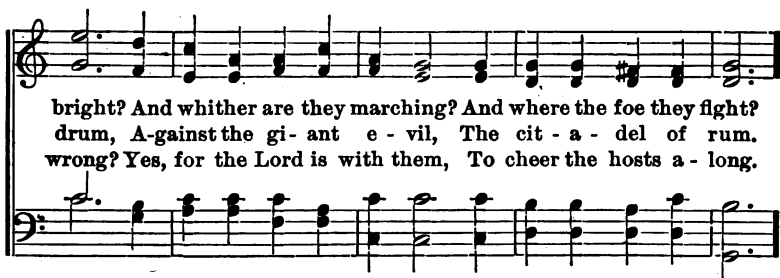
No. 56. ARMY OF CRUSADERS.

E. A. H.

E. A. H.

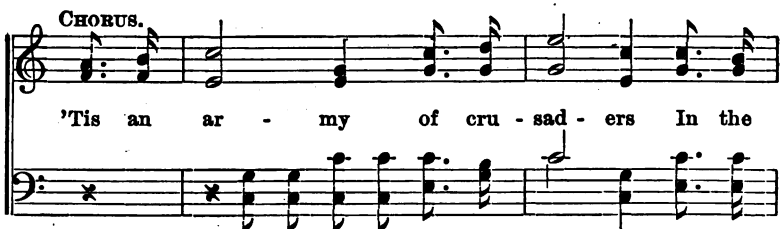


1. What host is this ap - proach-ing, With swords and ban - ners
2. Oh! see them proud-ly march-ing, To sound of fife and
3. And will they gain the vic - t'ry, And tri - umph o - ver

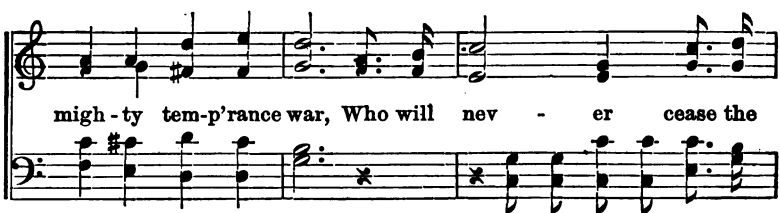


bright? And whither are they marching? And where the foe they fight?
drum, A-against the gi - ant e - vil, The cit - a - del of rum.
wrong? Yes, for the Lord is with them, To cheer the hosts a - long.

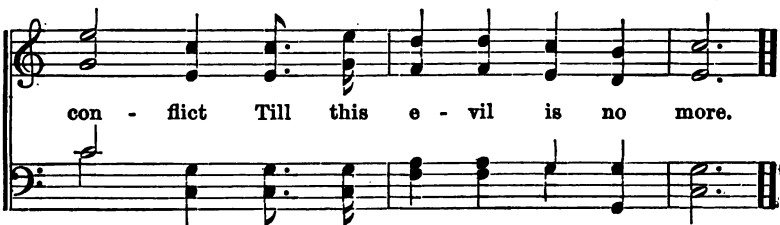
CHORUS.



'Tis an ar - my of cru - sad - ers In the



migh - ty tem-p'rance war, Who will nev - er cease the

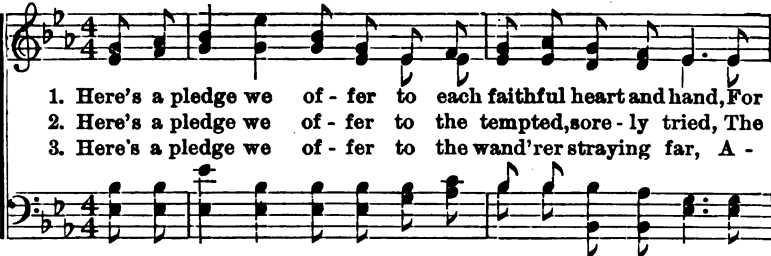


con - flict Till this e - vil is no more.

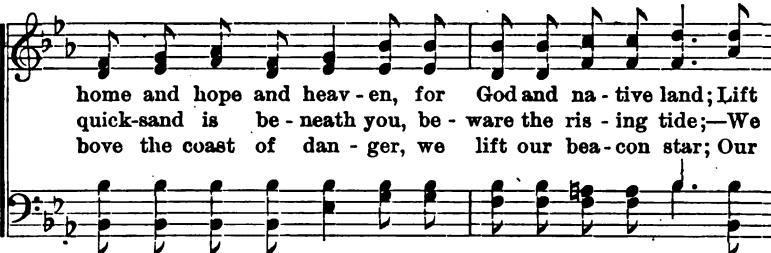
No. 57. WE'LL WIN BY WORKING TOGETHER.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

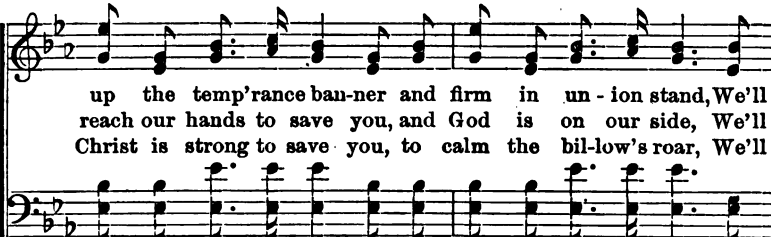
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. Here's a pledge we of - fer to each faithful heart and hand, For
 2. Here's a pledge we of - fer to the tempted, sore - ly tried, The
 3. Here's a pledge we of - fer to the wand'rer straying far, A -

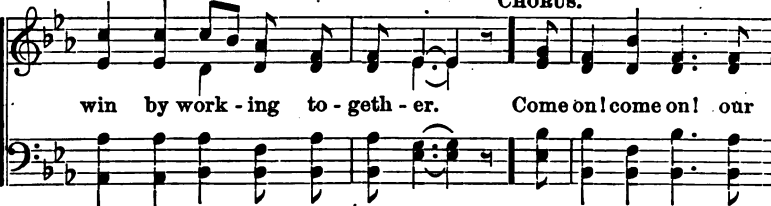


home and hope and heav - en, for God and na - tive land; Lift
 quick-sand is be - neath you, be - ware the ris - ing tide;—We
 bove the coast of dan - ger, we lift our bea - con star; Our



up the temp'rance ban - ner and firm in un - ion stand, We'll
 reach our hands to save you, and God is on our side, We'll
 Christ is strong to save you, to calm the bil - low's roar, We'll

CHORUS.

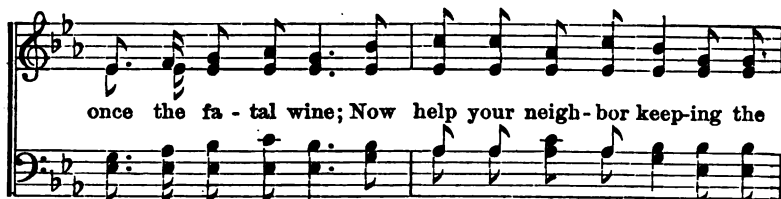


win by work - ing to - geth - er. Come on! come on! our

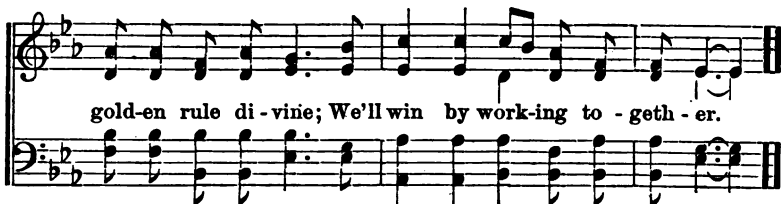


no - ble pledge to sign; Re - nounce, re - nounce at

WE'LL WIN BY WORKING TOGETHER.



once the fa - tal wine; Now help your neigh - bor keep - ing the

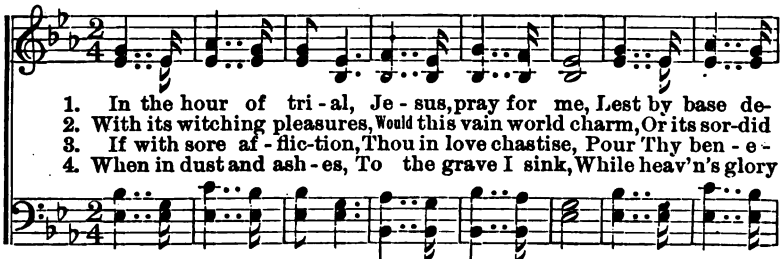


gold - en rule di - vine; We'll win by work - ing to - geth - er.

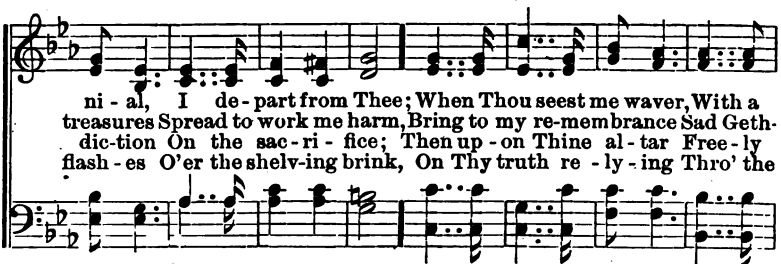
No. 58. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

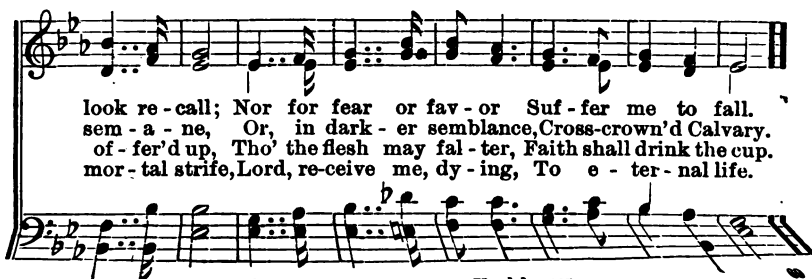
J. H. TENNEY.



1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me, I est by base de -
2. With its witching pleasures, Would this vain world charm, Or its sor - did
3. If with sore af - fic - tion, Thou in love chastise, Pour Thy ben - e -
4. When in dust and ash - es, To the grave I sink, While heav'n's glory



ni - al, I de - part from Thee; When Thou seest me waver, With a
treasures Spread to work me harm, Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth -
dic - tion On the sac - ri - fice; Then up - on Thine al - tar Free - ly
flash - es O'er the shelv - ing brink, On Thy truth re - ly - ing Thro' the

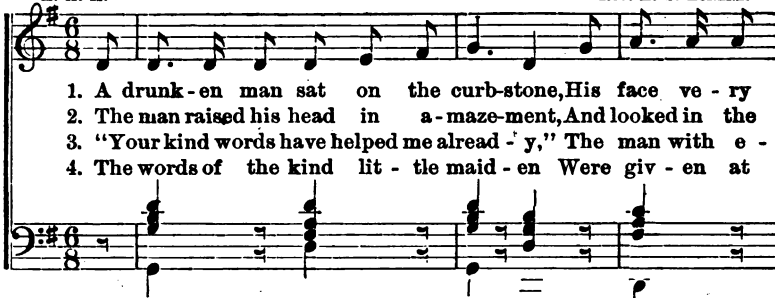


look re - call; Nor for fear or fav - or Suf - fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crown'd Calvary.
of - fer'd up, Tho' the flesh may fal - ter, Faith shall drink the cup.
mor - tal strife, Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

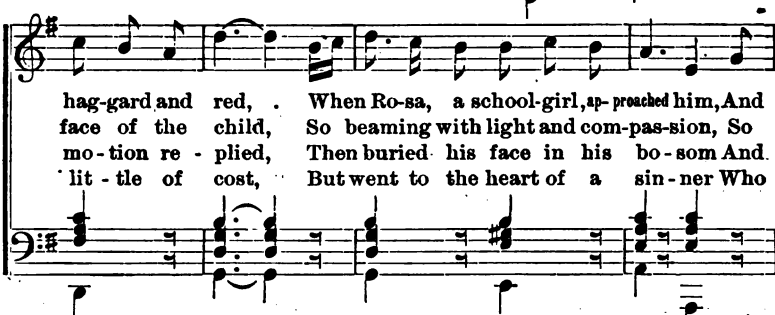
No. 59. HELPED BY A KIND HAND.

E. A. H.

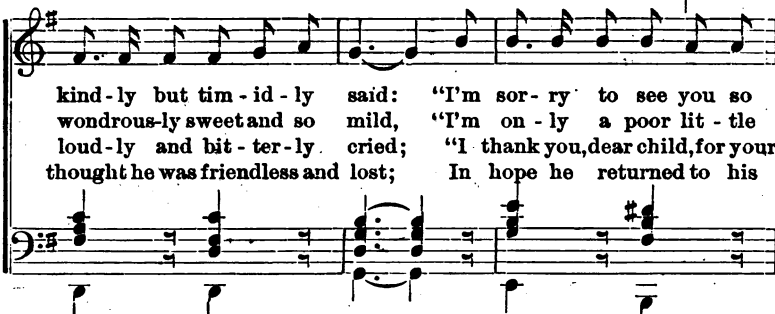
Rev. E. S. LORENTZ.



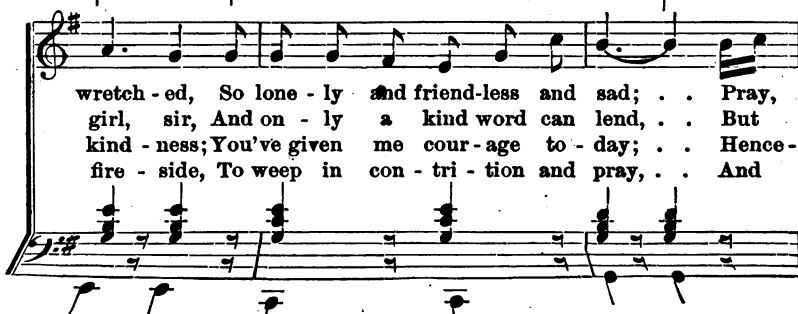
1. A drunk-en man sat on the curb-stone, His face ve-ry
 2. The man raised his head in a-maze-ment, And looked in the
 3. "Your kind words have helped me ahead-y," The man with e-
 4. The words of the kind lit-tle maid-en Were giv-en at



hag-gard and red, . When Ro-sa, a school-girl, ap-proached him, And
 face of the child, So beaming with light and com-pas-sion, So
 mo-tion re-plied, Then buried his face in his bo-som And
 lit-tle of cost, But went to the heart of a sin-ner Who

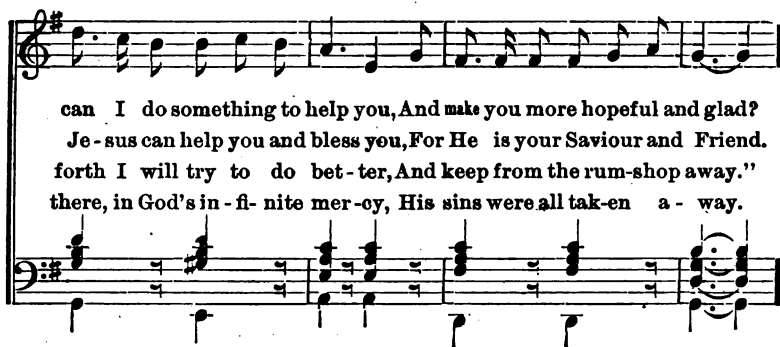


kind-ly but tim-id-ly said: "I'm sor-ry to see you so
 wondrous-ly sweet and so mild, "I'm on-ly a poor lit-tle
 loud-ly and bit-ter-ly cried; "I thank you, dear child, for your
 thought he was friendless and lost; In hope he returned to his



wretch-ed, So lone-ly and friend-less and sad; . . Pray,
 girl, sir, And on-ly a kind word can lend, . . But
 kind-ness; You've given me cour-age to-day; . . Hence-
 fire-side, To weep in con-tri-tion and pray, . . And

HELPED BY A KIND WORD.



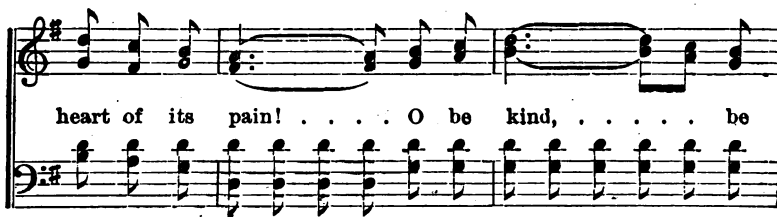
can I do something to help you, And make you more hopeful and glad?
 Je-sus can help you and bless you, For He is your Saviour and Friend.
 forth I will try to do bet-ter, And keep from the rum-shop away."
 there, in God's in-fi-nite mer-cy, His sins were all tak-en a-way.

CHORUS.



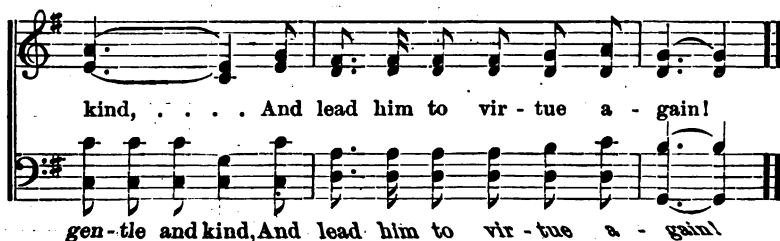
Be kind, be kind, And ease the poor

Be kind to the drunkard, Be kind to the drunkard, And ease the poor



heart of its pain! O be kind, be

heart of its sor-row and pain! O be kind to the drunkard, Be



kind, And lead him to vir-tue a-gain!

gen-tle and kind, And lead him to vir-tue a-gain!

REINFORCEMENTS.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Not too fast.

1. What is this that wakes e - mo - tion In each loy - al heart to - day?

2. Long and anx - ious - ly we've wait - ed, Sigh - ing, pray - ing for the time

3. Sharp and fierce has been the bat - tle, And de - fi - ant was the foe;

4. 'Thus we come by states so grand - ly,' Answers 'Prairie' back to 'Pine,'

5. And from Georgia's counties ring - ing, North Caro - li - na, Ten - nes - see,

6. Which will be the next to fol - low? Which the next to break a - way

An-swers Rhoda by the
When this curse should be a
Now they hear our cannon
"From New England's hills of
Mis-sis-sip-pi, all are
From the chafus of night that

o - cean:
bat - ed,
rat - tie,
gran - lte,
sing - ing,
bind you,

"Pro-hi-bi-tion's come to stay."
Now the vic-t'ry is sub-lime.
Ours the vic-t'ry, theirs to "go."
We are wheeling in - to line."
"From this curse we shall be free."
Ush-er in the glo - rious day?"

CHORUS.

The musical score for the chorus is written for a two-part setting, likely soprano and alto. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is characterized by a simple, folk-like style with many rests. The lyrics are: "In - to line! In - to line! In - to line! O ye".

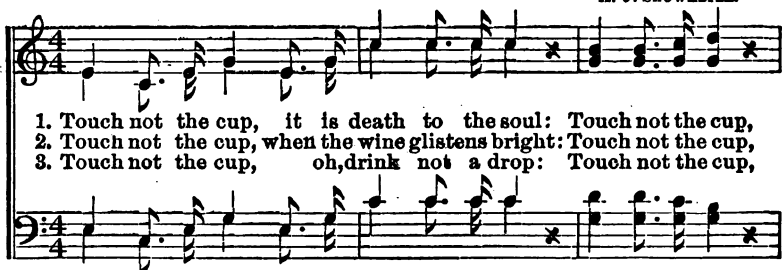
In - to line! In - to line! In - to line! O ye

states that still are halt - ing! O ye men who still are

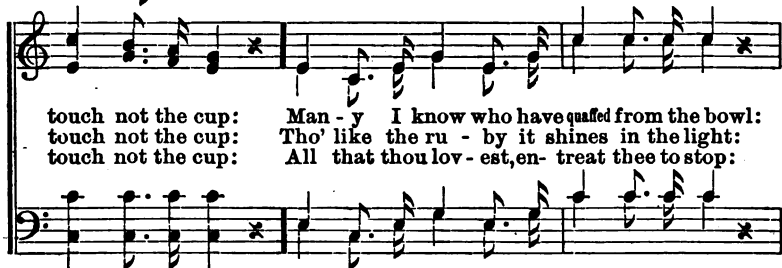
fal - t'ring! In - to line! In - to line! In - to line!

No. 61. TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

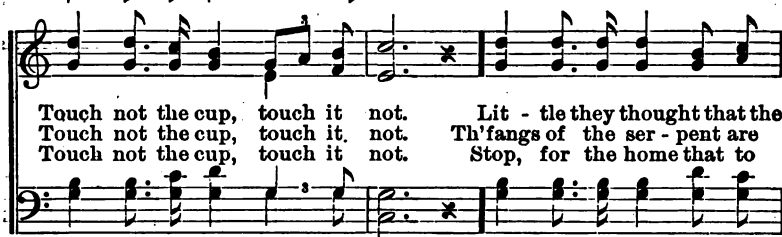
A. J. SNOWALTER.



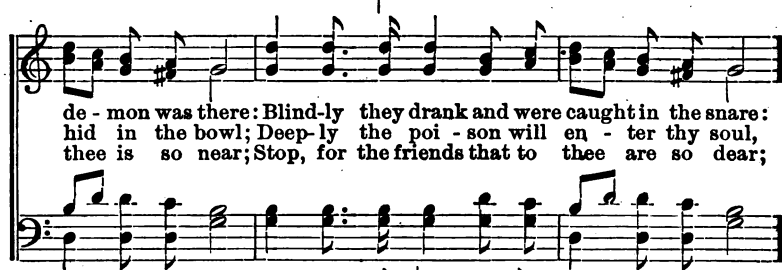
1. Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul: Touch not the cup,
 2. Touch not the cup, when the wine glistens bright: Touch not the cup,
 3. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop: Touch not the cup,



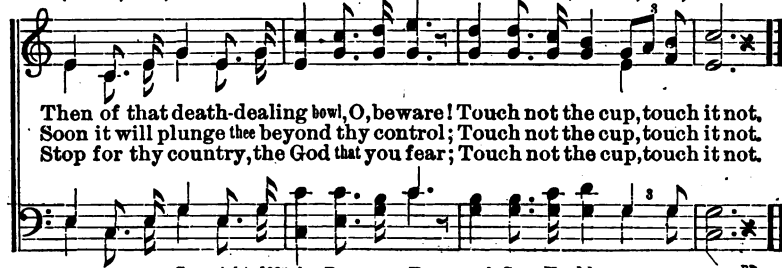
touch not the cup: Man - y I know who have quaffed from the bowl:
 touch not the cup: Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light:
 touch not the cup: All that thou lov - est, en - treat thee to stop:



Touch not the cup, touch it not. Lit - tle they thought that the
 Touch not the cup, touch it not. Th'fangs of the ser - pent are
 Touch not the cup, touch it not. Stop, for the home that to



de - mon was there: Blind - ly they drank and were caught in the snare:
 hid in the bowl; Deep - ly the poi - son will en - ter thy soul,
 thee is so near; Stop, for the friends that to thee are so dear;



Then of that death-dealing bowl, O, beware! Touch not the cup, touch it not,
 Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Stop for thy country, the God that you fear; Touch not the cup, touch it not.

No. 62.

TO THE FRONT.

E. A. H.

E. A. H.

1. To the front, brave sol - diers, Je - sus goes be - fore! To the
 2. Fill the ranks, ye men, be read - y for the fray, God will
 3. Fill the ranks, brave boys, and nev - er be a - fraid, Bear in

front, and do not give the bat - tle o'er, 'Till the
 need strong arms and ear - nest hearts to - day, To the
 mind the words your no - ble Cap - tain said, And de -

cru - el reign of sin shall be no more, Go
 God of bat - tles lift your souls and pray As
 pend on Him a - lone for help and aid As

FINE.

brave - ly march - ing on. To the front, to the
 you go march - ing on.
 you go march - ing on.

fall in

front, Fill the ranks, fill the ranks, To the
 fall in, fall in, fall in,

TO THE FRONT.

front, to the front, D.C.

Fall in! Fall in! Un - til the vic-'try's won!

No. 63.

TWILIGHT SONG.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. T.

1. Daylight now is pass - ing, Twilight shades appear, Lamps of heav'n are
2. Grant us, Lord, thy blessing Thro' the silent shade, Angels round us
3. Bless the wea - ry suff - rer, Mak - ing soft his bed, Cheer the lone - ly
4. Now the day is end - ing, Quickly comes the night; Love of God de -

light - ing, Night will soon be here; Flow'rs in sleep re - pos - ing
 press - ing, Let no foe in - vade; May our dreams be pleas - ant,
 mourn - er, O'er him pin - ions spread; Guard the weak and tempted,
 scend - ing, Keep us till the light; When the morn in beau - ty,

On sweet nature's breast, lids their eyes are clos - ing—Peaceful be their rest.
 Happy tho'ts be ours; Oh! be with us present, During wakeful hours.
 Wand'ring far away, Guide his err - ing foot - steps To the realms of day.
 Dawns upon the skies, Fresh for ev'ry du - ty, Cheerful may we rise.

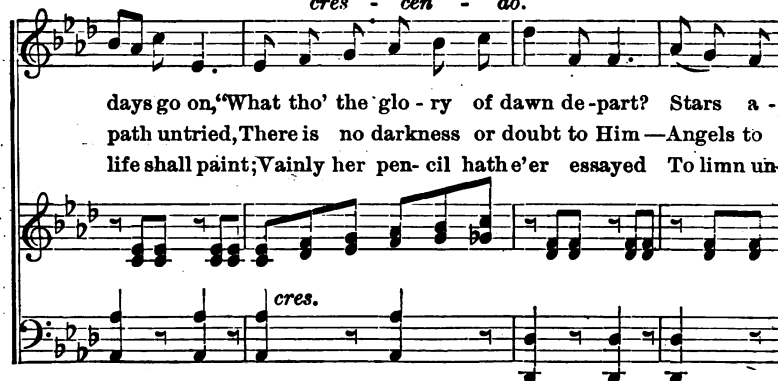
No. 64.

MY SONG.

D. F. HODGES.



1. Sing to thy-self, O heart, my heart! Thro' light and shade as thy
2. Struggling full oft with meanings dim, And groping to walk in a
3. Still, O my heart! be not dismayed, For Joy her part of

*cres - cen - do.*

MY SONG.

rise with the waning sun."Sing to thy-self, as a bird on the bough
guard thee walk by thy side. Year af - ter year thou shalt see, and shalt know
aid - ed a mortal saint. Deep val-ley shadows are cool, still and green

The first system of the musical score for 'MY SONG.' It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes.

cres - - cen - do.
Rocks, and is trust-ful, with perfect faith, 'There's much of blessing and
That nothing's purposeless, nothing vain By man - y struggles the
When mountain pass-es are hot and bare; Far o'er the marches that

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F5, and G5, then a half note A5, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The system ends with a half note D5 in the vocal line and a half note G3 in the piano accompaniment.

rit.
sweetness now, And the fu-ture is His,—as His message saith."
soul must grow, And its beau-ty is shaped by the strokes of pain.
stretch between; There is rest in the pur - ple-dyed sun - set air.

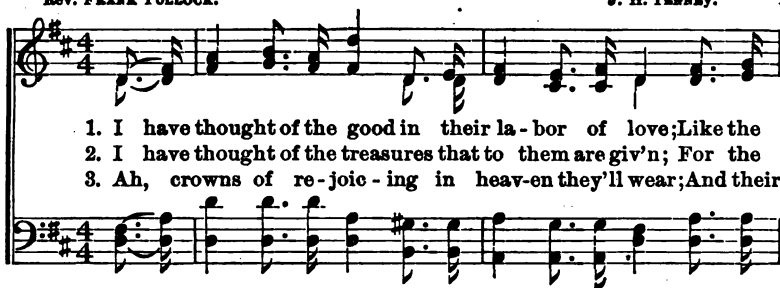
coll. voce.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The system ends with a half note D5 in the vocal line and a half note G3 in the piano accompaniment.

No. 65. THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. I have thought of the good in their la - bor of love; Like the
 2. I have thought of the treasures that to them are giv'n; For the
 3. Ah, crowns of re-joic - ing in heav-en they'll wear; And their

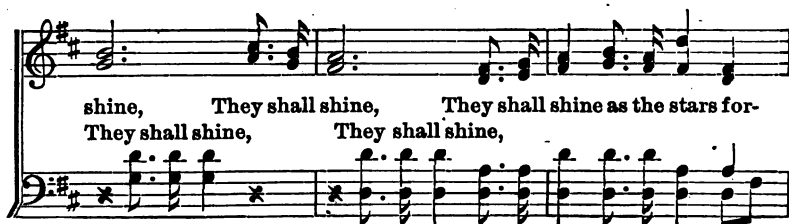


stars they shall shine In their glo - ry di - vine, In the
 work of their faith; And my soul sweet - ly saith, Glad
 crowns they a - dorn, And they have not a thorn, Sav'd

CHORUS.



beau - ty of God for - ev - er a - bove. They shall
 welcome they'll have to the glo - ry of heav'n.
 sin - ners shall gleam in their di - a - dem there.



shine, They shall shine, They shall shine as the stars for -
 They shall shine, They shall shine,

THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

ev - er, They shall shine, They shall shine, They shall shine, They shall shine,

They shall shine as the stars for - ev - er.

No. 66. YEARS GONE BY.

H. COYLE.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

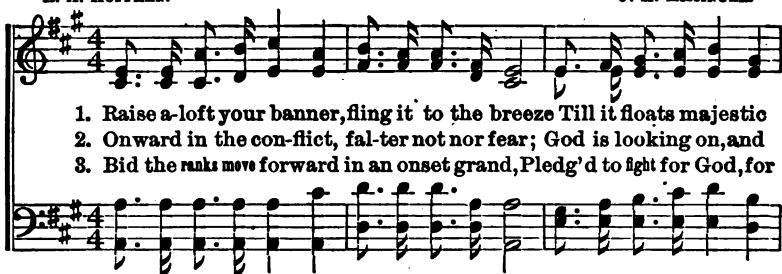
1. The years gone by—how soft, how fleet; How like a saint-ed an - gel's feet,
2. The years gone by—ah! who can tell Where those de-part-ed moments dwell?
3. The years gone by—for - ev - er gone—No trace to fix a tho't up - on;

De - part - ing from the star - ry throne On mes-sages of love unknown.
Sunk in what deep and wave - less sea! Lost in what wide eter-ni - ty!
But joys and griefs and tears and sighs, Are hidden in the years gone by.

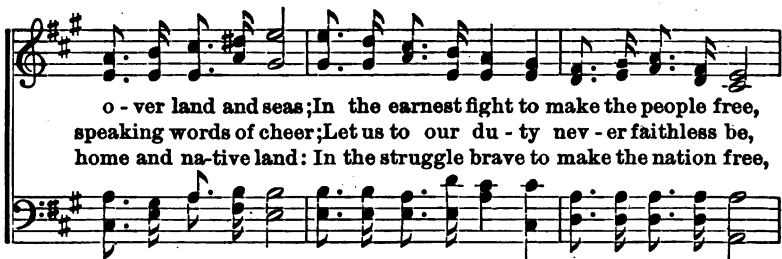
No. 67. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. KISSINGER.

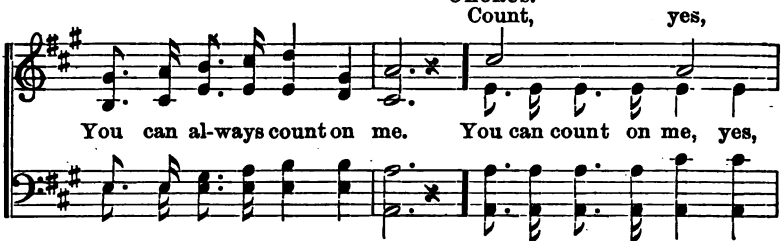


1. Raise a-loft your banner, fling it to the breeze Till it floats majestic
2. Onward in the con-flict, fal-ter not nor fear; God is looking on, and
3. Bid the rank move forward in an onset grand, Pledg'd to fight for God, for

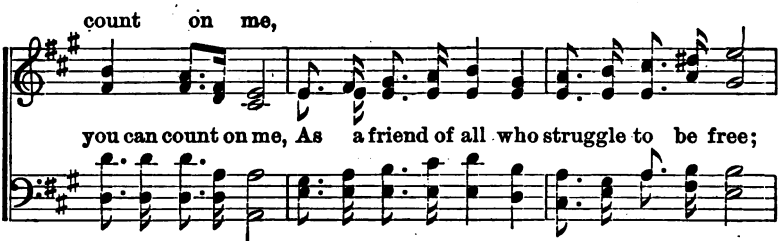


o - ver land and seas; In the earnest fight to make the people free,
speaking words of cheer; Let us to our du - ty nev - er faithless be,
home and na-tive land: In the struggle brave to make the nation free,

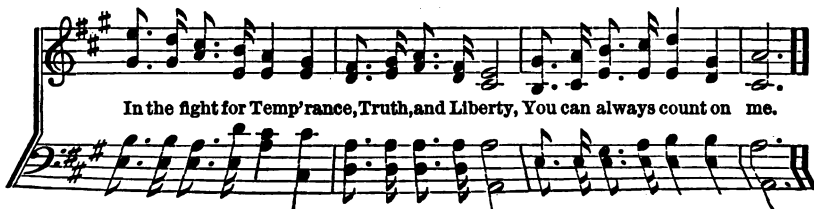
CHORUS.



Count, yes,
You can al-ways count on me. You can count on me, yes,



count on me,
you can count on me, As a friend of all who struggle to be free;

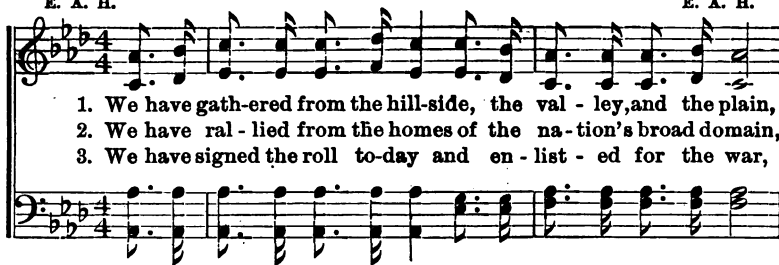


In the fight for Temp'rance, Truth, and Liberty, You can always count on me.

No. 68. THE COUNTRY'S NEW REDEMPTION.

E. A. H.

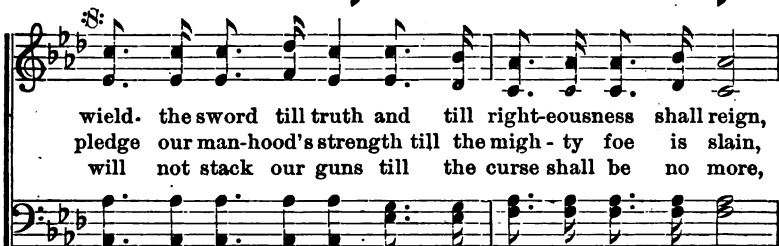
E. A. H.



1. We have gath-ered from the hill-side, the val - ley, and the plain,
 2. We have ral - lied from the homes of the na - tion's broad domain,
 3. We have signed the roll to-day and en - list - ed for the war,



Seek - ing the coun - try's new re - demp - tion; We will
 Seek - ing the coun - try's new re - demp - tion; And we
 Seek - ing the coun - try's new re - demp - tion; And we



wield. the sword till truth and till right-eousness shall reign,
 pledge our man-hood's strength till the migh - ty foe is slain,
 will not stack our guns till the curse shall be no more,

D.S. ral - ly to the call in the cause to win or fall,

FINE. CHORUS.



Seek-ing the country's new redemption. En - list - ed for tem'rance we'll

Seek-ing the country's new redemption.



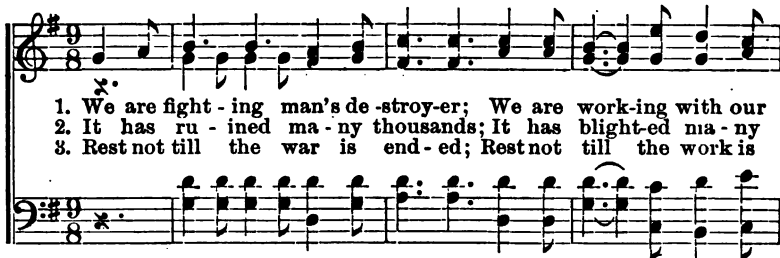
D.S.
 all shout, "hurrah!" Falter we'll never, de-fending the law! But we'll

FROM "TEMPERANCE SONGS," BY PER.

No. 69. RAISE THE TEMPERANCE BANNER HIGH!

H. B. DISNEY.

J. F. DISNEY.

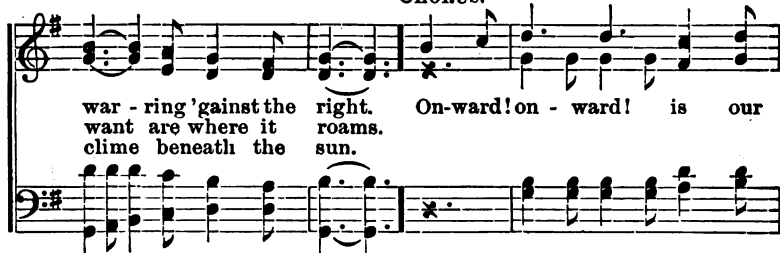


1. We are fight - ing man's de - stroy - er; We are work - ing with our
2. It has ru - ined ma - ny thousands; It has blight - ed ma - ny
3. Rest not till the war is end - ed; Rest not till the work is



might, To o'er - throw that dread - ful mon - ster That is
homes; And its path is strewn with sor - row, Woe and
done, Till our flag floats un - mo - lest - ed In each

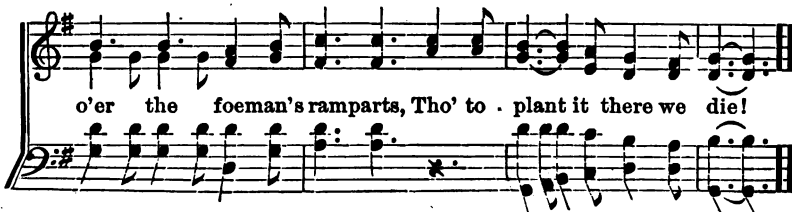
CHORUS.



war - ring 'gainst the right. On - ward! on - ward! is our
want are where it roams.
clime beneath the sun.



watchword; Raise the tem - p'rance ban - ner high! Plant it

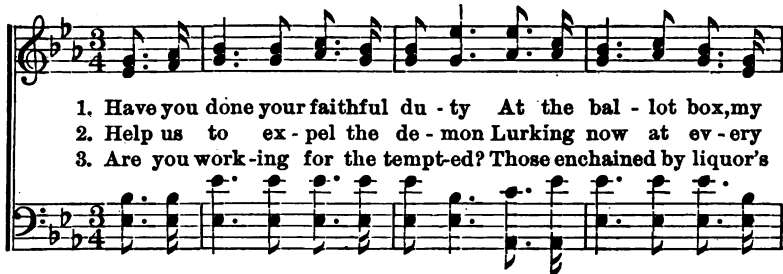


o'er the foeman's ramparts, Tho' to - plant it there we die!

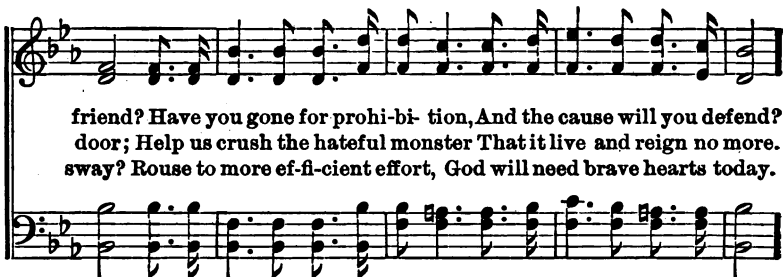
No. 70. FORTH TO DUTY!

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. T.

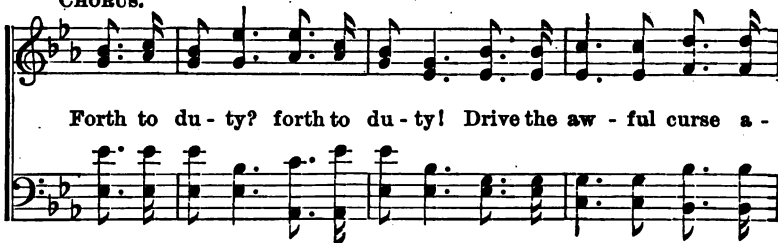


1. Have you done your faithful du - ty At the bal - lot box, my
 2. Help us to ex - pel the de - mon Lurking now at ev - ery
 3. Are you work - ing for the tempt - ed? Those enchained by liquor's



friend? Have you gone for prohi - bi - tion, And the cause will you defend?
 door; Help us crush the hateful monster That it live and reign no more.
 sway? Rouse to more ef - fi - cient effort, God will need brave hearts today.

CHORUS.



Forth to du - ty? forth to du - ty! Drive the aw - ful curse a -



way! Forth to du - ty! forth to du - ty! God will need brave hearts to - day!

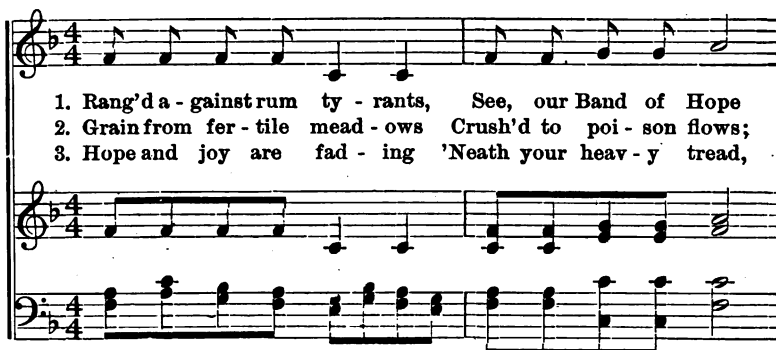
No. 71. WE ARE GROWING UP.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

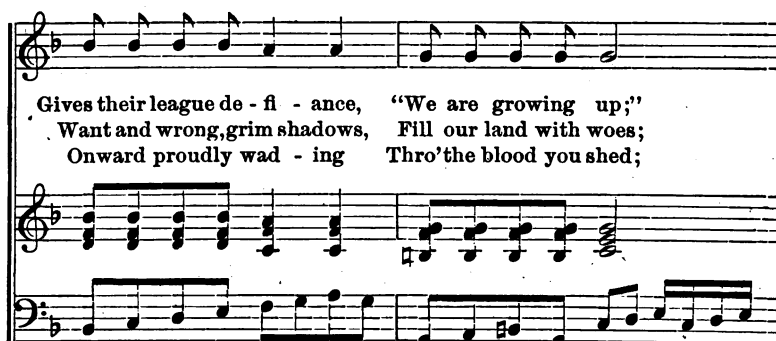
BAND OF HOPE SONG.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

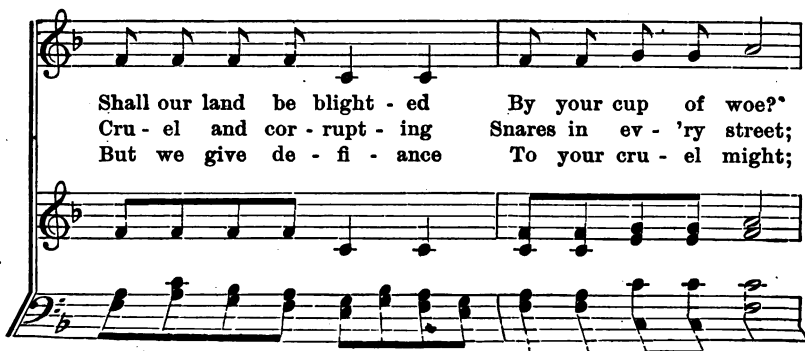
In the French Revolution a company of boys marched under a flag bearing this motto:—"Tremble, tyrants, we are growing up."



1. Rang'd a - gainst rum ty - rants, See, our Band of Hope
 2. Grain from fer - tile mead - ows Crush'd to poi - son flows;
 3. Hope and joy are fad - ing 'Neath your heav - y' tread,



Gives their league de - fi - ance, "We are growing up;"
 Want and wrong, grim shadows, Fill our land with woes;
 Onward proudly wad - ing Thro' the blood you shed;



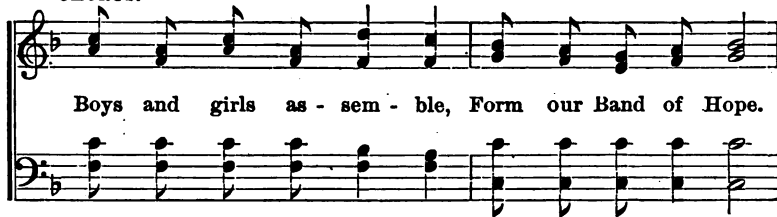
Shall our land be blight - ed By your cup of woe?"
 Cru - el and cor - rupt - ing Snares in ev - 'ry street;
 But we give de - fi - ance To your cru - el might;

WE ARE GROWING UP.

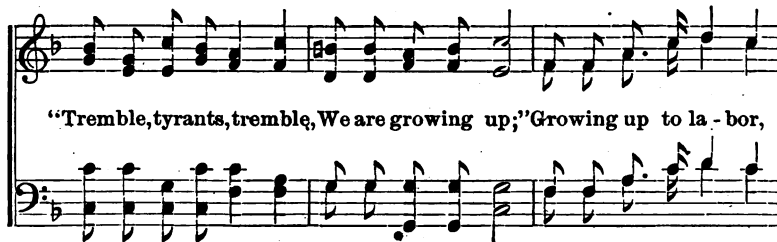


Ear - nest youth u - nit - ed, Loud - ly an - swer, "No!"
Signs on ev - 'ry cor - ner, Tempting care - less feet.
God is our re - li - ance, God will aid the right.

CHORUS.



Boys and girls as - sem - ble, Form our Band of Hope.



"Tremble, tyrants, tremble, We are growing up;" Growing up to la - bor,



Growing up to vote, "Tremble, tyrants, tremble, We are growing up."

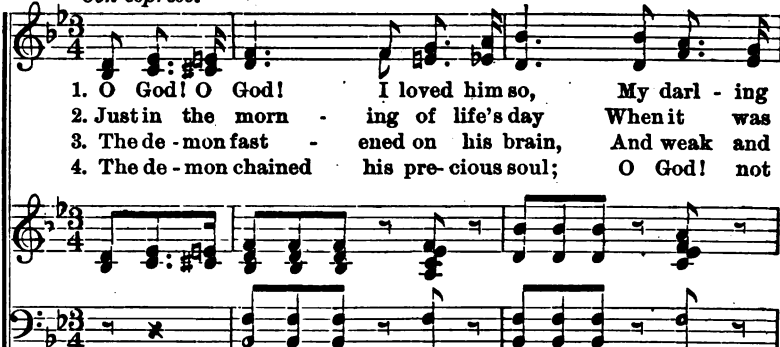
No. 72. MY DARLING BOY.

A. W. HAWES. Alt.

DUET AND CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Con espress.



1. O God! O God! I loved him so, My darl - ing
 2. Just in the morn - ing of life's day When it was
 3. The de - mon fast - ened on his brain, And weak and
 4. The de - mon chained his pre - cious soul; O God! not

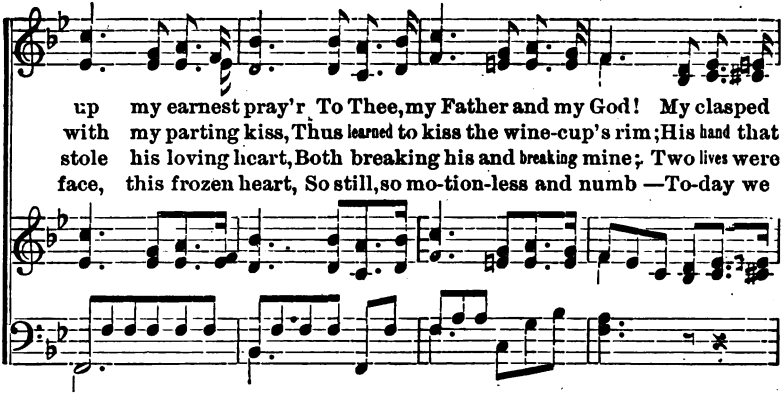


boy, my on - ly boy; He was my all— ah, woe! ah,
 like the fair - est spring, The tempter led his feet a -
 pal - sied it be - came; The de - mon touched his up - right
 e'en my ear - nest prayer Could keep that treas - ure from the

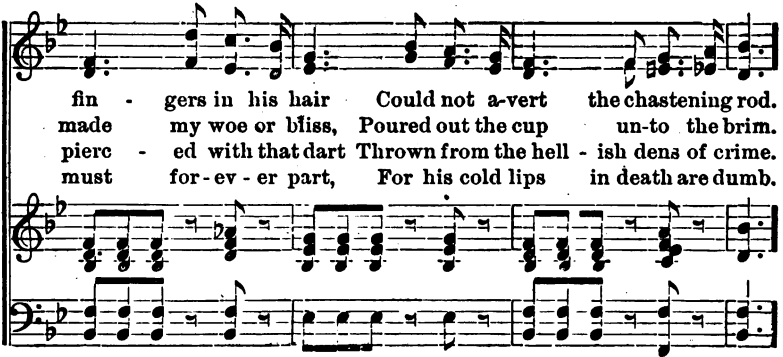


woe! He was my on - ly love—my joy; For him went
 stray, To drink the foul and bes - tial thing. His lips, warm
 form, And bowed his up - right - ness in shame. The de - mon
 bowl, All that he was must per - ish there. This pale, dead

MY DARLING BOY.

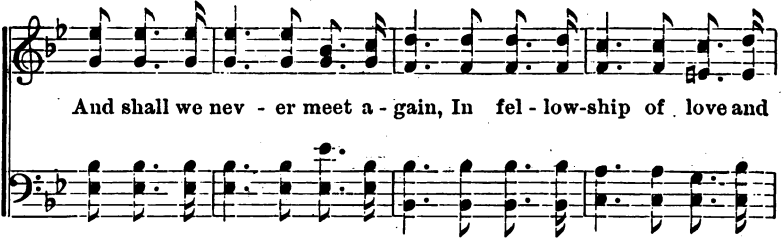


up my earnest pray'r To Thee, my Father and my God! My clasped
with my parting kiss, Thus leaved to kiss the wine-cup's rim; His hand that
stole his loving heart, Both breaking his and breaking mine; Two lives were
face, this frozen heart, So still, so motion-less and numb — To-day we

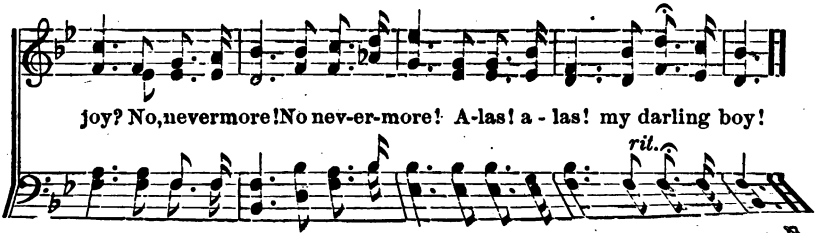


fin - gers in his hair Could not a-vert the chastening rod.
made my woe or bliss, Poured out the cup un-to the brim.
pierced with that dart Thrown from the hell - ish dens of crime.
must for - ev - er part, For his cold lips in death are dumb.

REFRAIN.



And shall we nev - er meet a - gain, In fel - low-ship of love and

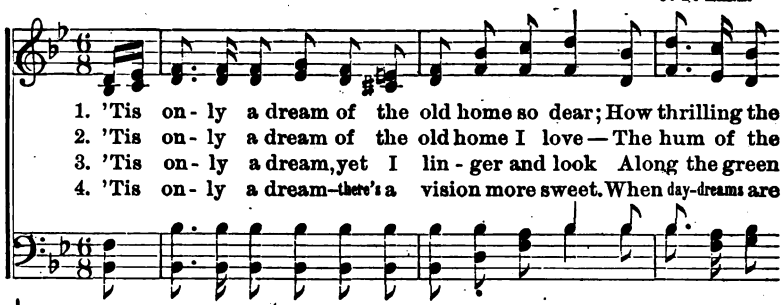


joy? No, nevermore! No nev-er-more! A-las! a - las! my darling boy!

No. 73. 'TIS ONLY A DREAM.

J. P. L.

J. P. LANE.

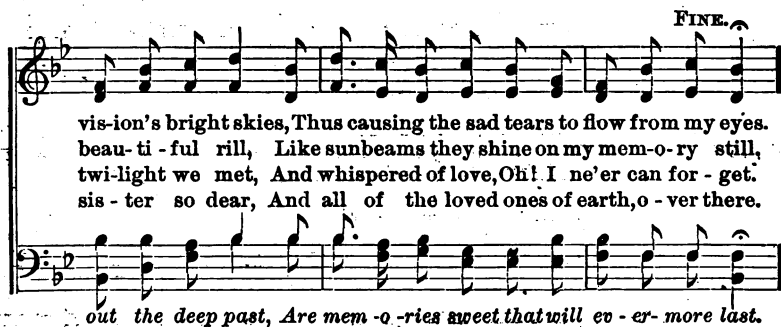


1. 'Tis on - ly a dream of the old home so dear; How thrilling the
 2. 'Tis on - ly a dream of the old home I love— The hum of the
 3. 'Tis on - ly a dream, yet I lin - ger and look Along the green
 4. 'Tis on - ly a dream—there's a vision more sweet. When day-dreams are



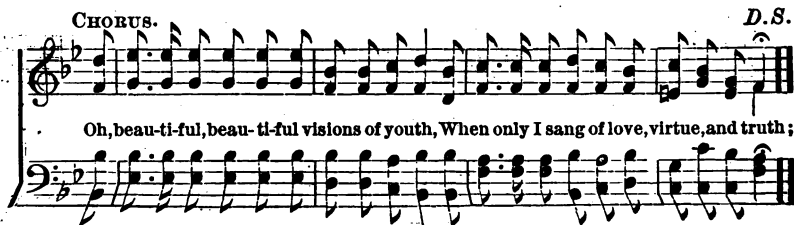
scenes to my sad heart ap-pear, They nev - er can fade from my
 bee and the coo of the dove, The or - chard and meadow and
 banks of the clear babbling brook; 'Twas there in the evening's dim
 end - ed, Oh, then I shall meet With par - ent and broth - er and

S: Yes, shin - ing like jew - els from



FINE.
 vis-ion's bright skies, Thus causing the sad tears to flow from my eyes.
 beau - ti - ful rill, Like sunbeams they shine on my mem-o-ry still,
 twi-light we met, And whispered of love, Oh! I ne'er can for - get.
 sis - ter so dear, And all of the loved ones of earth, o - ver there.

out the deep past, Are mem - o - ries sweet that will ev - er - more last.



CHORUS. **D.S.**
 Oh, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful visions of youth, When only I sang of love, virtue, and truth;

No. 74.

VOTE IT DOWN.

EDWARD VINCENT.

J. H. T.



1. Vote the curse of liq - uor down, Vote it down! Vote it down!
 2. Hy - dra - head - ed shape of sin, Vote it down! Vote it down!
 3. Vot - er! king! thy scepter sway, Vote it down! Vote it down!
 4. Vote for righteousness and peace, Vote it down! Vote it down!
- Vote it down! Vote it down!



- Curse of coun - try, curse of town, Vote it down! Vote it down!
 Lure that lures the young man in, Vote it down! Vote it down!
 Ere 'tis nightfall, while 'tis day, Vote it down! Vote it down!
 Vote the drink slave's swift release, Vote it down! Vote it down!
- Vote it down, yes, vote it down!



When un - to the polls you go, Freeman, strike one mighty blow, Lay the
 Trap for care - less hu - man feet Thronging thick the cit - y's street, Death is
 Rum yields ru - in, shame, and crime; Rule it from the realm of time By your
 Vote against the licensed still, Licensed dramshop and ginmill; Slay to



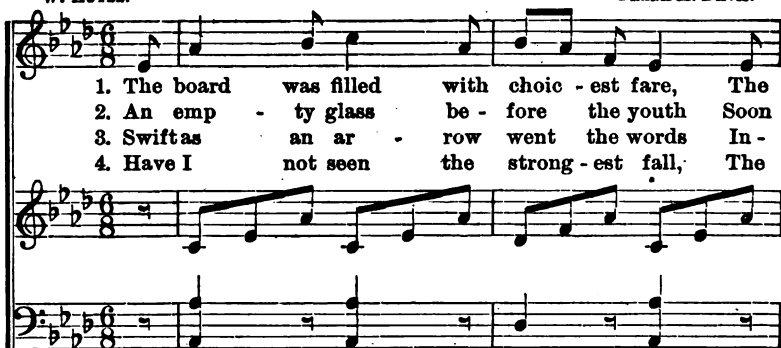
- fi - ry drag - on low. Vote it down! Vote it down!
 sure and doom is fleet; Vote it down! Vote it down!
 bal - lot - power sublime, Vote it down! Vote it down!
 save, and strike to kill, Vote it down! Vote it down!
- Vote it down, yes, Vote it down!



No. 75. I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

W. HOYLE.

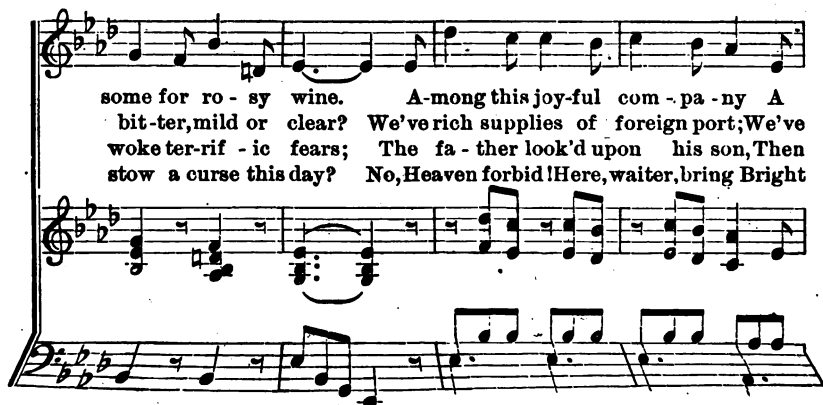
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. The board was filled with choic - est fare, The
 2. An emp - ty glass be - fore the youth Soon
 3. Swiftas an ar - row went the words In -
 4. Have I not seen the strong - est fall, The

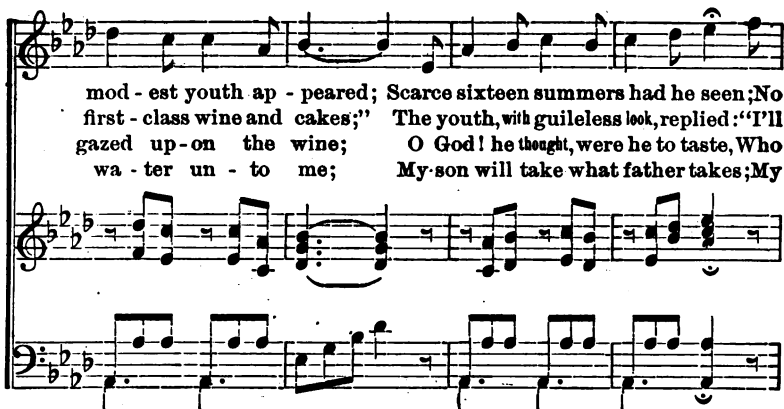


guests sat down to dine; Some call'd for "bitters," some for "stout," And
 drew the wait - er near; "What will you take, sir?" he inquired, "Stout,
 to his fa - ther's ears, And soon a conflict deep and strong A -
 fair - est led a - stray? And shall I on my on - ly son Be -

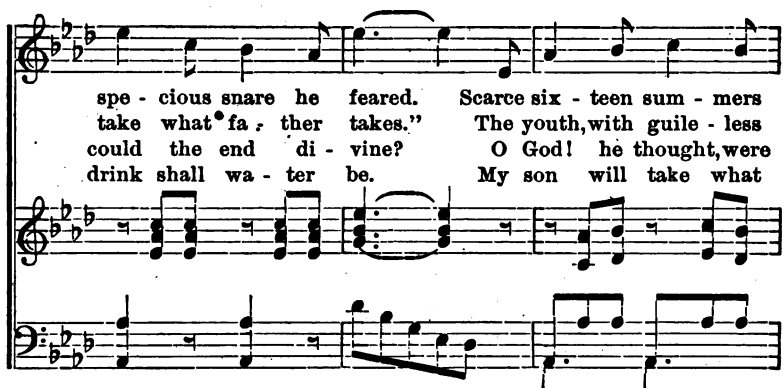


some for ro - sy wine. A - mong this joy - ful com - pa - ny A
 bit - ter, mild or clear? We've rich supplies of foreign port; We've
 woke ter - rif - ic fears; The fa - ther look'd upon his son, Then
 stow a curse this day? No, Heaven forbid! Here, waiter, bring Bright

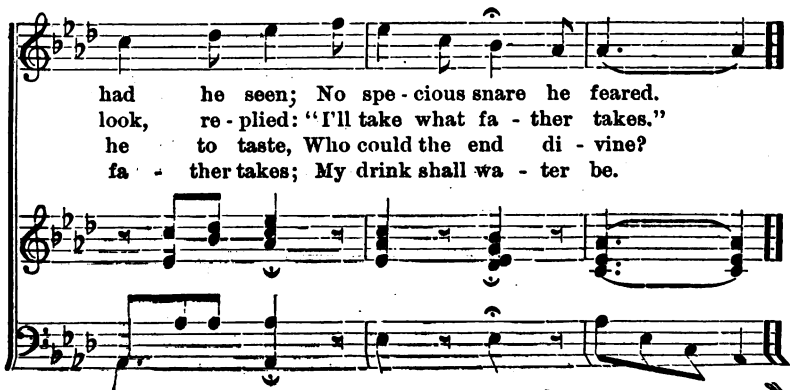
I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.



mod - est youth ap - peared; Scarce sixteen summers had he seen; No
 first - class wine and cakes;" The youth, with guileless look, replied: "I'll
 gazed up-on the wine; O God! he thought, were he to taste, Who
 wa - ter un - to me; My-son will take what father takes; My



spe - cious snare he feared. Scarce six - teen sum - mers
 take what fa - ther takes." The youth, with guile - less
 could the end di - vine? O God! he thought, were
 drink shall wa - ter be. My son will take what

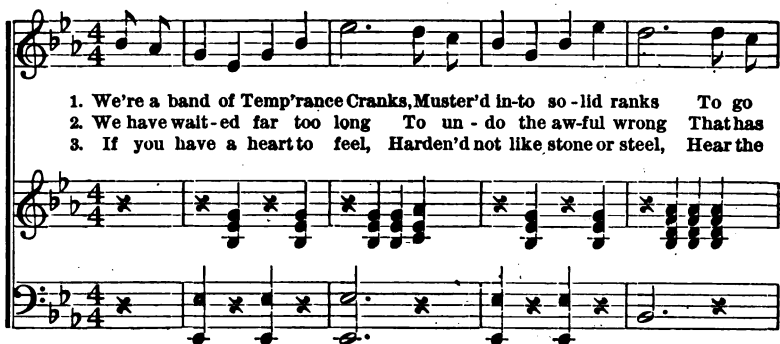


had he seen; No spe - cious snare he feared.
 look, re - plied: "I'll take what fa - ther takes."
 he to taste, Who could the end di - vine?
 fa - ther takes; My drink shall wa - ter be.

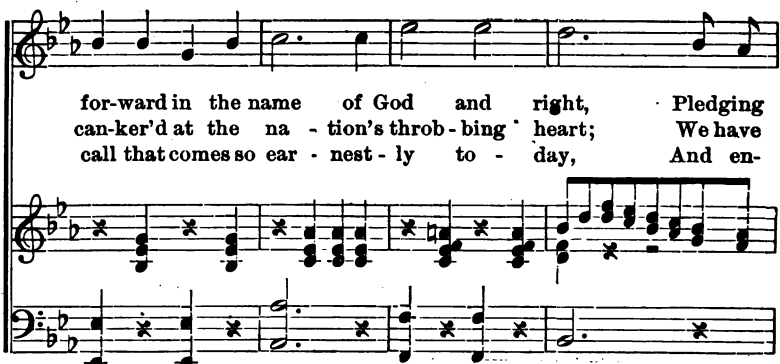
No. 76. TEMPERANCE CRANKS.

ELI CRANK.

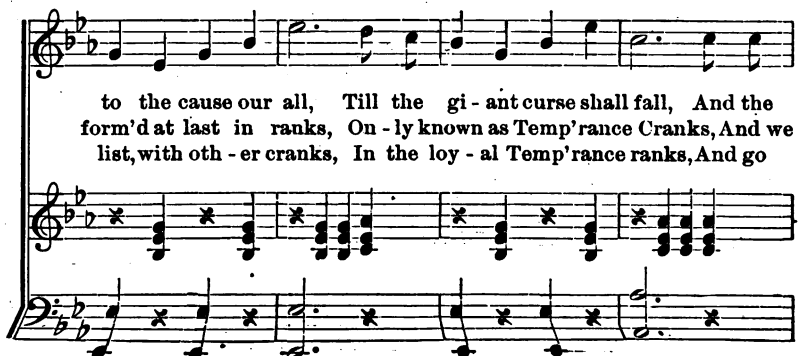
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. We're a band of Temp'rance Cranks, Muster'd in-to so-lid ranks To go
 2. We have wait-ed far too long To un-do the aw-ful wrong That has
 3. If you have a heart to feel, Harden'd not like stone or steel, Hear the

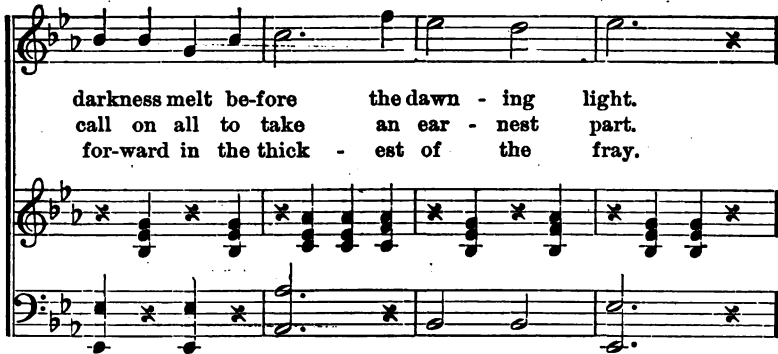


for-ward in the name of God and right, Pledging
 can-ker'd at the na-tion's throb-bing heart; We have
 call that comes so ear-nest-ly to-day, And en-



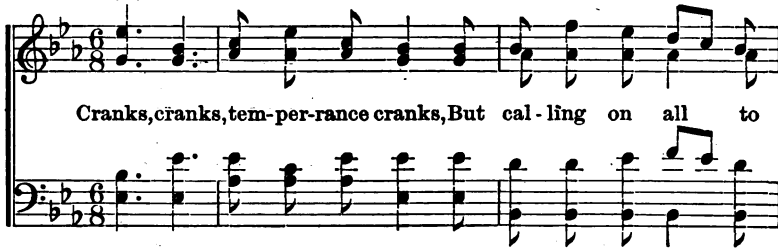
to the cause our all, Till the gi-ant curse shall fall, And the
 form'd at last in ranks, On-ly known as Temp'rance Cranks, And we
 list, with oth-er cranks, In the loy-al Temp'rance ranks, And go

TEMPERANCE CRANKS.



darkness melt be-fore the dawn - ing light.
call on all to take an ear - nest part.
for-ward in the thick - est of the fray.

CHORUS.



Cranks, cranks, tem-per-ance cranks, But cal-ling on all to



join the ranks, To join the ranks, the marching ranks Of the

ar - my of Tem - per - ance Cranks



ar - my of Tem - per - ance, Tem - per - ance Cranks.

No. 77.

EVERY DAY.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Tho' there may be shades of sad-ness Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*;
 2. You may have your lit - tle cross - es Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*;
 3. In the path of life you wea-ry Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*;

There are gold - en gleams of glad-ness Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*;
 You may meet with lit - tle loss - es Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*;
 Some-thing hap - pens, oh, so drear-y, Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*;

There is joy a-mid the sighing, Laughter ringing thro' the crying,
 Never mind! each cross will lighten, Grief in all your loss-es brighten,
 Patience! faith must have its testing; This is love's own mani-fest-ing,

Love to love with smiles replying, Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*, Ev'-ry day.
 If your hold on God shall tighten Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*, Ev'-ry day.
 And you're getting nearer resting Ev'-ry day, *Ev'-ry day*, Ev'-ry day.

4 Seek to lighten some one's sorrow
 Every day;
 This will bring a sweeter morrow
 Every day;
 Faint, it may be, yet pursuing,
 All the Christly graces wooing,
 And some little good be doing,
 Every day.

5 Tell the ever blessed story
 Every day;
 So shall earth be filled with glory
 Every day;
 Cheer thee! skies are growing
 clearer,
 Dear ones all becoming dearer.
 And our home is so much nearer,
 Every day.

No. 78. DOING GOOD TO OTHERS.

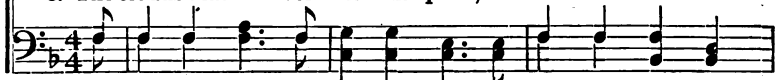
E. A. H.

MALE VOICES.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. The sun in rich pro - fu - sion pours His cheering beams o'er
 2. The lit - tle rill flows gai - ly on,—All sparkling in the
 3. The clouds that o - ver us im - pend, And hold the wa - ter




vale and hill, And scatters sunshine all a-round, Till earth and sky with
 sunny sheen,—And laves, with its refreshing stream, The fertile banks it
 of the rain, Refreshing showers will downward send To make the earth look



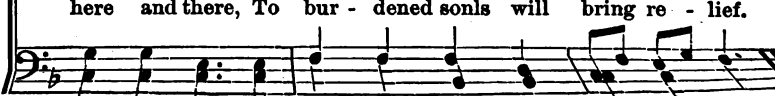

glo - ry fill: So let us beam on saddened ones The
 flows be - tween; So let us send a flow of cheer To
 glad a - gain; So let us send a flood of joy To




ten - der smile of sym - pa - thy, And fill the wretch - ed
 hearts de - spond - ent and depressed,—A cup of wa - ter,
 cheer the hearts weighed down with grief; A lit - tle sun - shine




hand of want With gifts of love and char - i - ty.
 kind - ly given, May com - fort man - y a trou - bled breast.
 here and there, To bur - dened souls will bring re - lief.

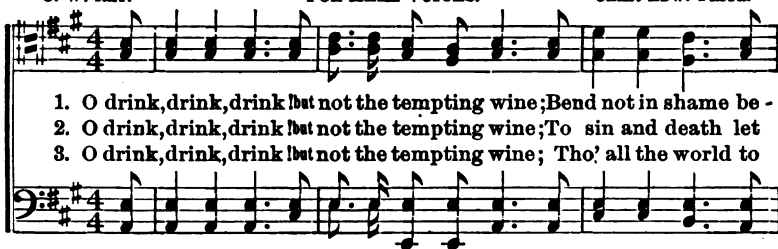


No. 79. DRINK NOT THE TEMPTING WINE.

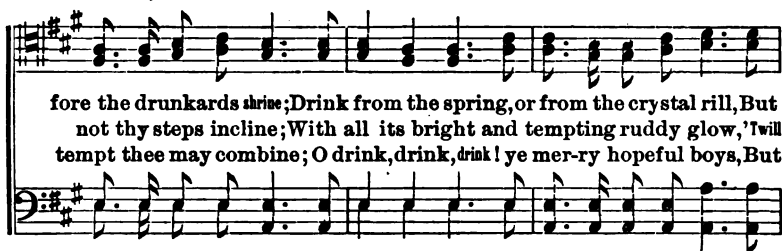
C. W. RAY.

FOR MALE VOICES.

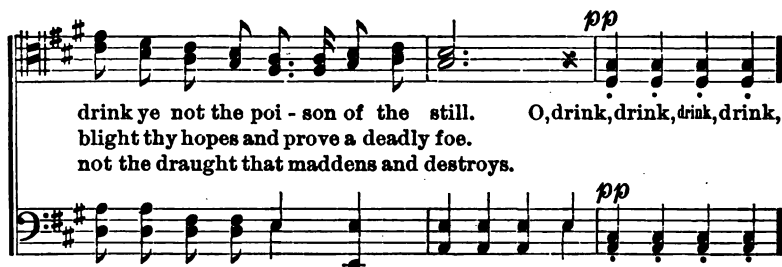
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. O drink, drink, drink but not the tempting wine; Bend not in shame be -
 2. O drink, drink, drink but not the tempting wine; To sin and death let
 3. O drink, drink, drink but not the tempting wine; Tho' all the world to

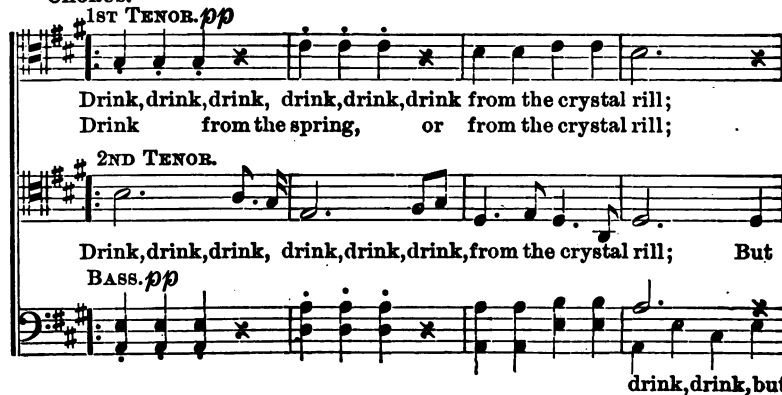


fore the drunkards shrine; Drink from the spring, or from the crystal rill, But
 not thy steps incline; With all its bright and tempting ruddy glow, 'Twill
 tempt thee may combine; O drink, drink, drink! ye mer-ry hopeful boys, But



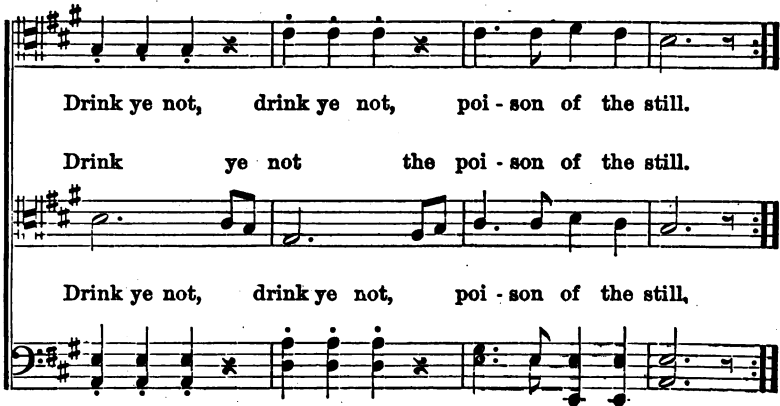
pp
 drink ye not the poi - son of the still. O, drink, drink, drink, drink,
 blight thy hopes and prove a deadly foe.
 not the draught that maddens and destroys.

CHORUS.



1st TENOR. pp
 Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink from the crystal rill;
 Drink from the spring, or from the crystal rill;
 2ND TENOR.
 Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, from the crystal rill; But
 BASS. pp
 drink, drink, but

DRINK NOT THE TEMPTING WINE.



Drink ye not, drink ye not, poi - son of the still.

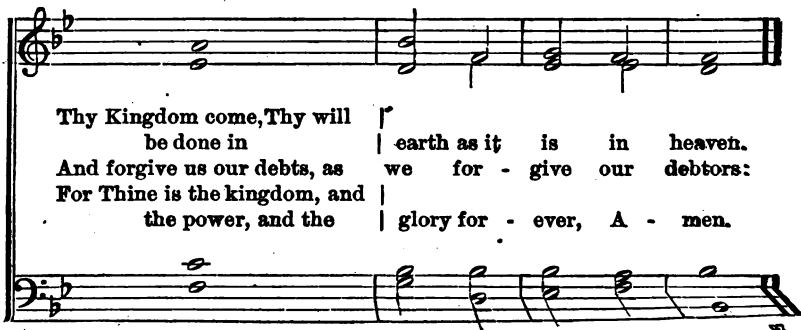
Drink ye not the poi - son of the still.

Drink ye not, drink ye not, poi - son of the still.

No. 80. THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name.
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

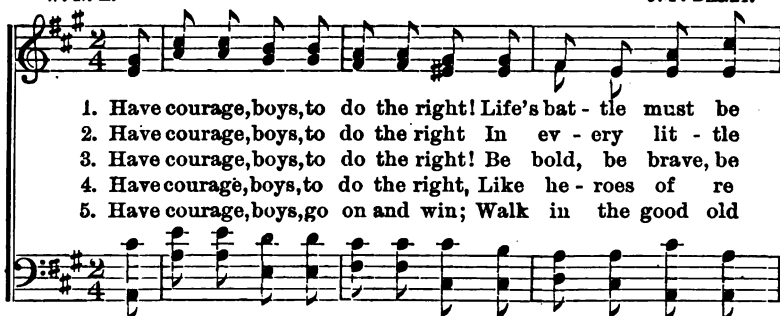


Thy Kingdom come, Thy will
 be done in | earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors:
 For Thine is the kingdom, and | glory for - ever, A - men.

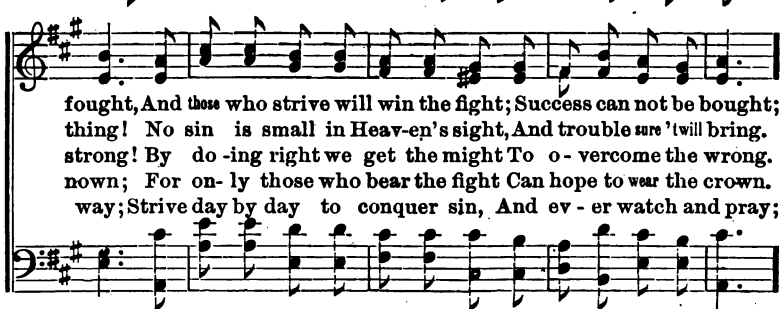
No. 81. HAVE COURAGE, BOYS, TO DO THE RIGHT.

W. N. E.

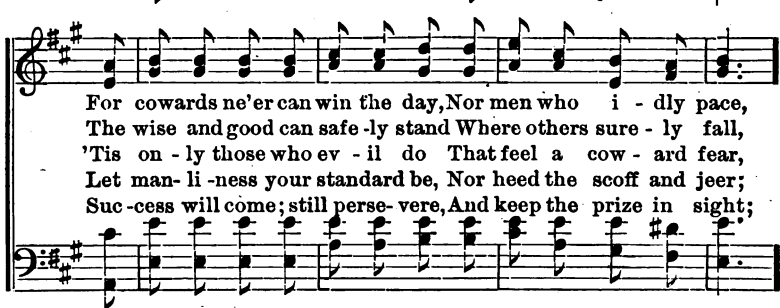
J. F. DIBBY.



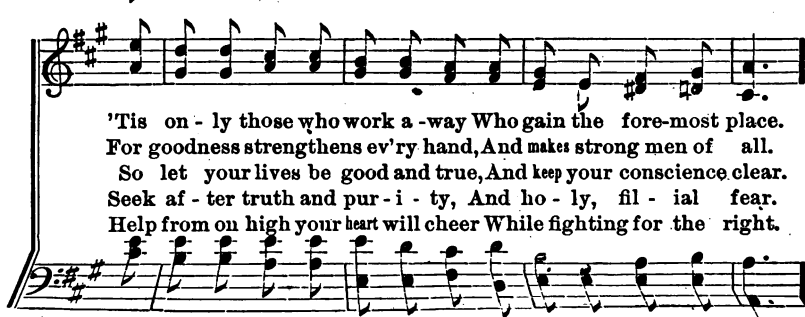
1. Have courage, boys, to do the right! Life's bat - tle must be
 2. Have courage, boys, to do the right In ev - ery lit - tle
 3. Have courage, boys, to do the right! Be bold, be brave, be
 4. Have courage, boys, to do the right, Like he - roes of re
 5. Have courage, boys, go on and win; Walk in the good old



fought, And those who strive will win the fight; Success can not be bought;
 thing! No sin is small in Heav-en's sight, And trouble sure 'twill bring.
 strong! By do - ing right we get the might To o - vercome the wrong.
 nown; For on - ly those who bear the fight Can hope to wear the crown.
 way; Strive day by day to conquer sin, And ev - er watch and pray;



For cowards ne'er can win the day, Nor men who i - dly pace,
 The wise and good can safe - ly stand Where others sure - ly fall,
 'Tis on - ly those who ev - il do That feel a cow - ard fear,
 Let man - li - ness your standard be, Nor heed the scoff and jeer;
 Suc - cess will come; still perse - vere, And keep the prize in sight;



'Tis on - ly those who work a - way Who gain the fore - most place.
 For goodness strengthens ev'ry hand, And makes strong men of all.
 So let your lives be good and true, And keep your conscience clear.
 Seek af - ter truth and pur - i - ty, And ho - ly, fil - ial fear.
 Help from on high your heart will cheer While fighting for the right.

HAVE COURAGE, BOYS, TO DO THE RIGHT.

CHORUS.

Be pure, and true, Be bold, and brave, and strong, Do
 Be pure, and true, and brave, and strong,
 right, do right, And o - ver - come the wrong.
 Do right, do right,

No. 82. MOUNT THE PROMISE-HILLS.

Words arranged.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. Dark seems the sky, And men's weary hearts are fail - ing,
 2. O men so strong! Why un - to the darkness turn - ing?
 3. Light in the east, And a bet - ter day is near - ing;
 4. Men's ways are pur - er, And ev - erywhere earth brightens,

"Er - ror's clouds are thick," they cry, And bur - dened ones are
 Mount God's prom - ise - hills and look, The signs of morn dis -
 Er - ror's clouds that hung so thick Are quick - ly dis - ap -
 Gain, tho' slow, is ver - y sure, The load, tho' wea - ry,

wail - ing, Courage! God will help the right, And send forth the light,
 cern - ing, Mount the promise-hills so near, And God will appear.
 pear - ing, Mount the promise-hills so near, And God will appear.
 lightens, Mount the promise-hills so near, And God will appear.

No. 83. CLOSE THE SALOONS.

W. E. CARMICHAEL. ARR.

W. H. PONTIUS.

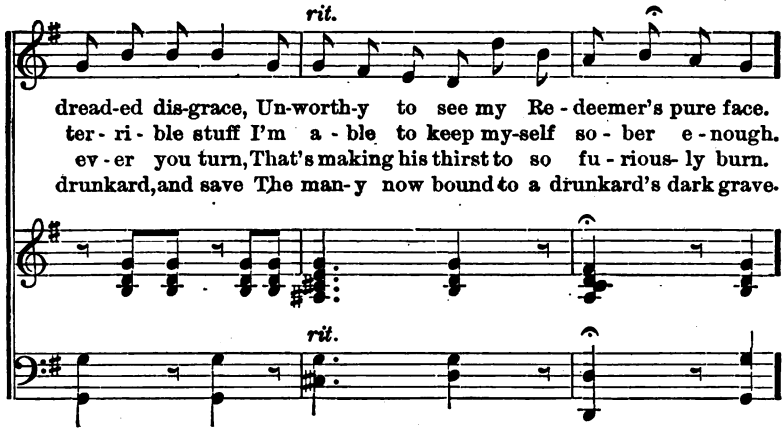
1. Don't tell me be brave and use my will; My will has been dead years a -
 2. A - way with your talk, I've heard it all, Don't of - fer a ser - mon to
 3. Oh! lis - ten to me, ye good - ly souls! For wretched is man - y a
 4. Then lend us your help, good peo - ple, all, To drive the rumsellers a -

go; . . . The hard - er I strive, more weak I get, The
 me; . . . A - way with your pledge, and close the doors Of
 man. . . Who's long - ing to stop his life of drink, Be -
 way; . . . Close all the sa - loons, and stop the woe They're

life of a drunkard's my woe; . . . Ere long I shall per - ish in
 haunts that I con - stant - ly see; . . . So long as I see not the
 gin - ning a new life a - gain; . . . But there is a rum - shop wher -
 causing us day af - ter day; . . . For then you may talk to the

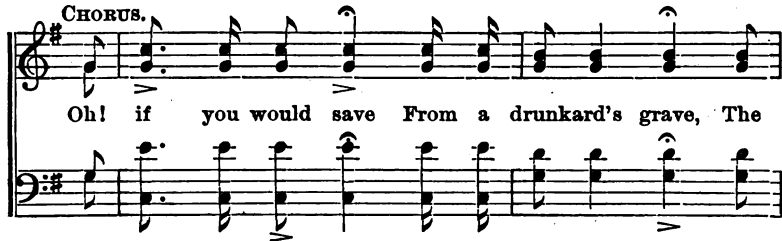
CLOSE THE SALOONS.

rit.



dread-ed dis-grace, Un-worth-y to see my Re-deemer's pure face.
 ter-ri-ble stuff I'm a-ble to keep my-self so-ber e-nough.
 ev-er you turn, That's making his thirst to so fu-rious-ly burn.
 drunkard, and save The man-y now bound to a drunkard's dark grave.

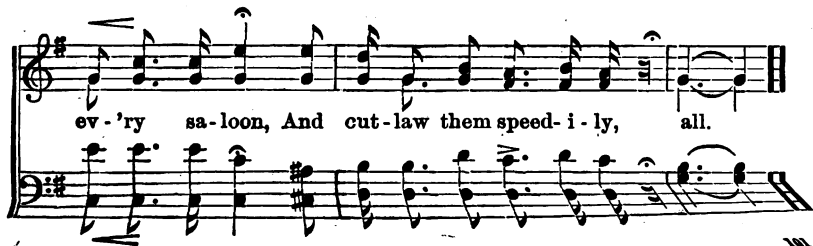
CHORUS.



Oh! if you would save From a drunkard's grave, The



men who suf-fer and fall, You can-not too soon Close

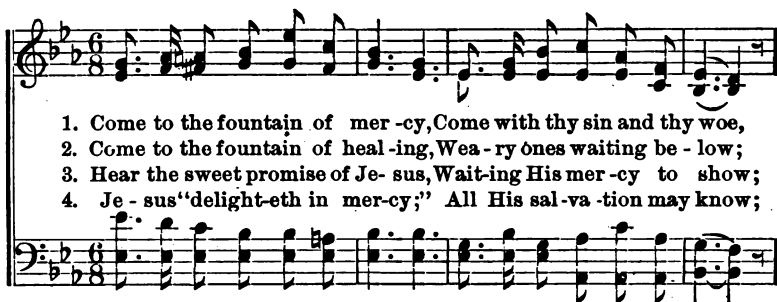


ev-'ry sa-loon, And cut-law them speed-i-ly, all.

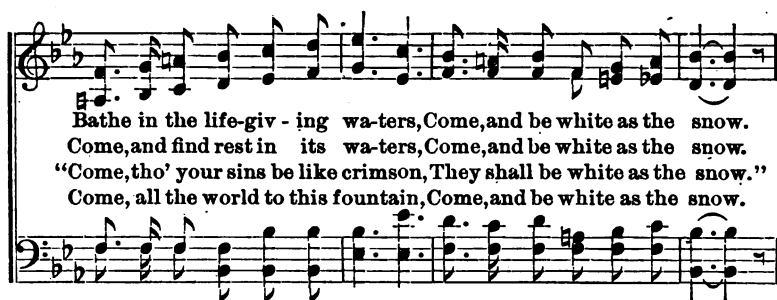
No. 84. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Come to the fountain of mer-cy, Come with thy sin and thy woe,
 2. Come to the fountain of heal-ing, Wea-ry ones waiting be-low;
 3. Hear the sweet promise of Je-sus, Wait-ing His mer-cy to show;
 4. Je-sus "delight-eth in mer-cy;" All His sal-va-tion may know;



Bathe in the life-giv-ing wa-ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
 Come, and find rest in its wa-ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
 "Come, tho' your sins be like crimson, They shall be white as the snow."
 Come, all the world to this fountain, Come, and be white as the snow.

CHORUS.



Come to the foun-tain of love, Come to the foun-tain of



Come to the foun-tain of love, . . . 'Tis
 love, . . . Come to the foun-tain, 'Tis

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

o - pen and free, and waiting for thee, Oh, come to the fountain of love.

No. 85.

AMERICA.

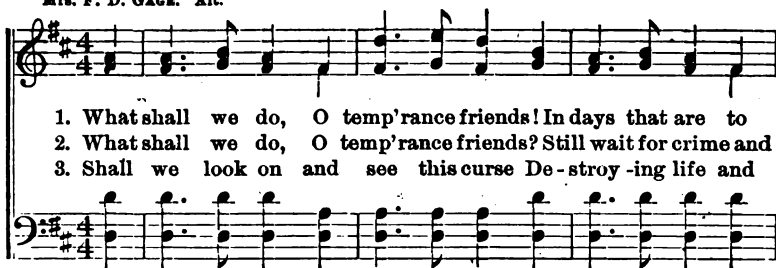
1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee,—Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And sing from all the trees,
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land, where my fa - thers died: Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues awake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

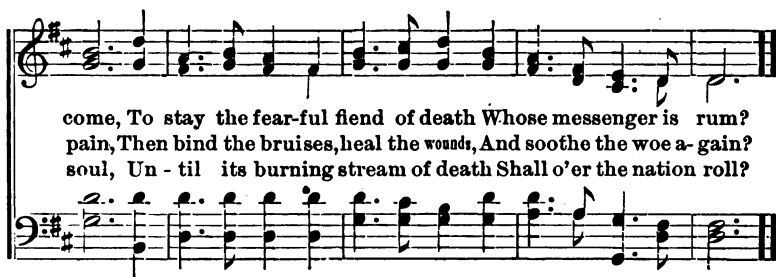
pilgrim's pride! From ev - ery moun - tain side, Let freedom ring!
templed hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 86. WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Mrs. F. D. GAGE. Alt.



1. What shall we do, O temp'rance friends! In days that are to
 2. What shall we do, O temp'rance friends? Still wait for crime and
 3. Shall we look on and see this curse De-destroy life and

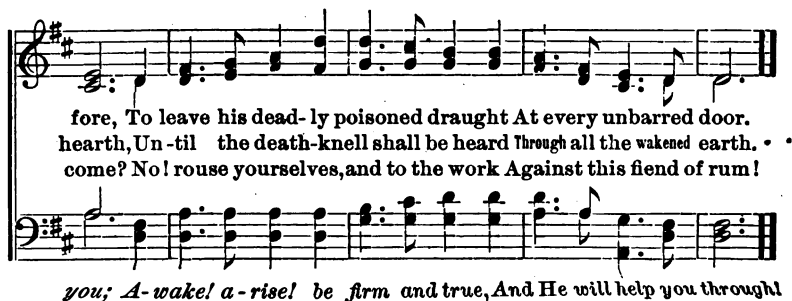


come, To stay the fear-ful fiend of death Whose messenger is rum?
 pain, Then bind the bruises, heal the wounds, And soothe the woe a-gain?
 soul, Un-til its burning stream of death Shall o'er the nation roll?



Fold not your hands and btd him pass, As he has passed be-
 No! lift your warn-ing hand and voice, And plead for home and
 Is this our mis-sion on the earth In days that are to

CHO.—A-wake! a-ri-sel be firm and true! And God will be with



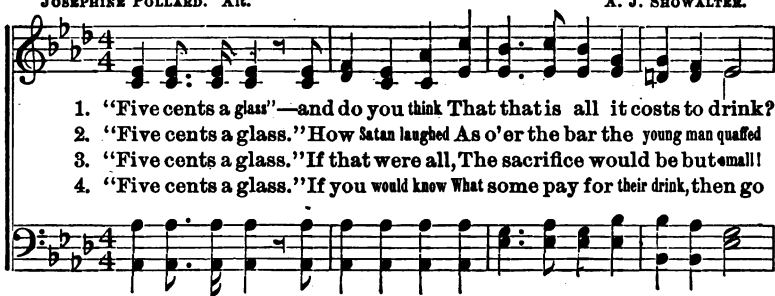
fore, To leave his dead-ly poisoned draught At every unbarred door.
 hearth, Un-til the death-knell shall be heard Through all the wakened earth.
 come? No! rouse yourselves, and to the work Against this fiend of rum!

you; A-wake! a-ri-sel be firm and true, And He will help you through!

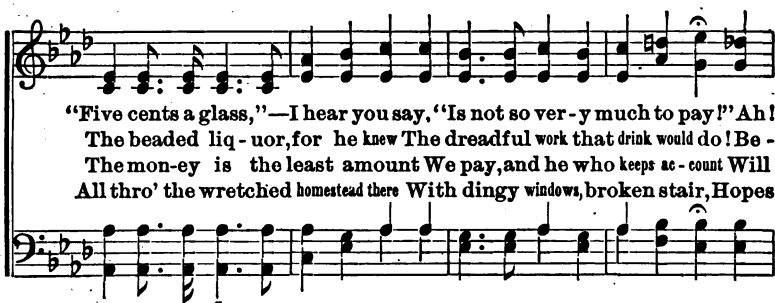
No. 87. FIVE CENTS A GLASS.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Alt.

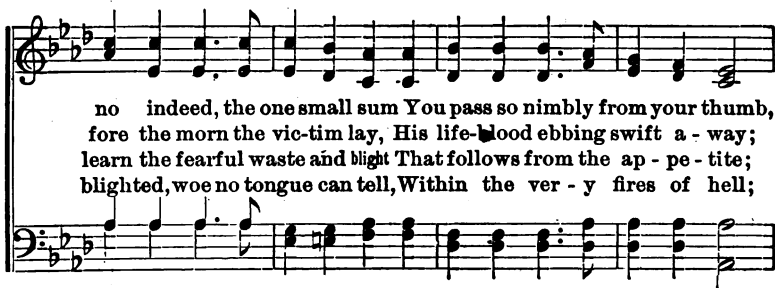
A. J. SHOWALTER.



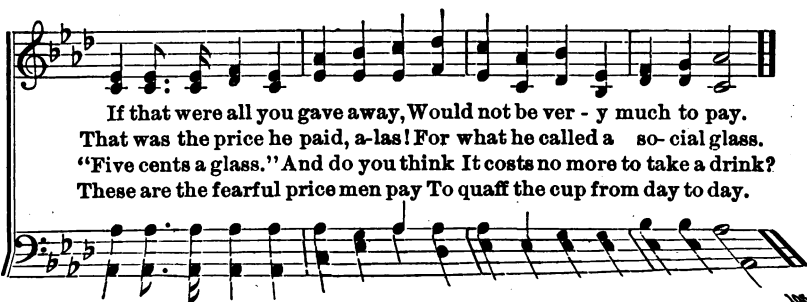
1. "Five cents a glass"—and do you think That that is all it costs to drink?
 2. "Five cents a glass." How Satan laughed As o'er the bar the young man quaffed
 3. "Five cents a glass." If that were all, The sacrifice would be but small!
 4. "Five cents a glass." If you would know What some pay for their drink, then go



"Five cents a glass,"—I hear you say, "Is not so ver-y much to pay!" Ah!
 The beaded liq-uor, for he knew The dreadful work that drink would do! Be-
 The mon-ey is the least amount We pay, and he who keeps ac-count Will
 All thro' the wretched homestead there With dingy windows, broken stair, Hopes



no indeed, the one small sum You pass so nimbly from your thumb,
 fore the morn the vic-tim lay, His life-blood ebbing swift a-way;
 learn the fearful waste and blight That follows from the ap-pe-tite;
 blighted, woe no tongue can tell, Within the ver-y fires of hell;



If that were all you gave away, Would not be ver-y much to pay.
 That was the price he paid, a-las! For what he called a so-cial glass.
 "Five cents a glass." And do you think It costs no more to take a drink?
 These are the fearful price men pay To quaff the cup from day to day.

No. 88. BRING THEM TO JESUS.

E. A. H.
DUET.

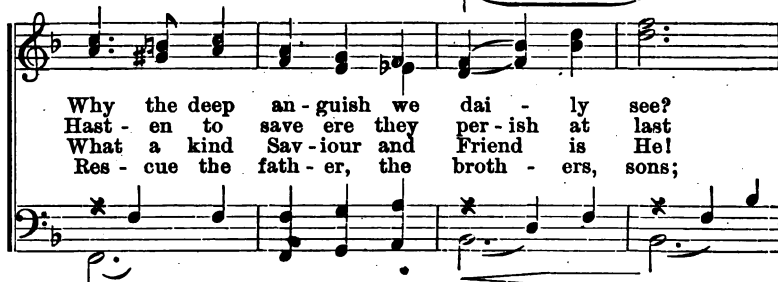
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Why this sad wail - ing o'er land and o'er sea?
2. Com - rades, a - wak - en, and hear the sad cry!
3. Bring them to Je - sus! His mer - cy is free;
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, hast - en to save



Why this sor - row and sigh - - - ing?
Souls for suc - cor are call - - - ing;
With His peace He will bless them;
Souls al - lured by temp - ta - - - tion.

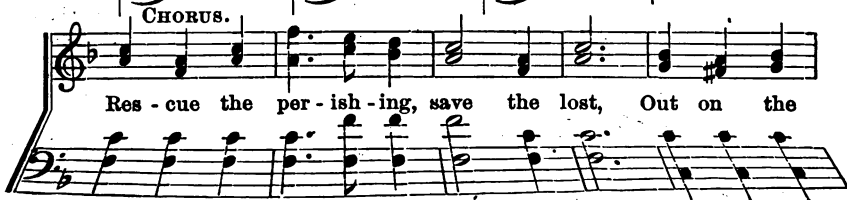


Why the deep an - guish we dai - ly see?
Hast - en to save ere they per - ish at last
What a kind Sav - iour and Friend is He!
Res - cue the fath - er, the broth - ers, sons;



Souls are per - ish - ing, dy - - - ing.
Un - der a doom so ap - pall - ing.
At the throne He'll con - fess them.
Christ will bring them sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.



Res - cue the per - ish - ing, save the lost, Out on the

BRING THEM TO JESUS.

o - cean so wild - ly toss'd; Shrink not to save them, nor

count the cost; On - ly bring them to Je - sus!

No. 89. TOO LATE—NO ROOM!

Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

Slowly, earnestly.

1. Too late—no room! The "Lamb's bright hall of song" Is closed forever
2. While down the slope of hills the day declin'd, Thou in thine ease and
3. Did'st thou not see the shadows rushing by, And hear the Spirit's
4. A - las! alas! the banquet was for thee, The bridegroom bade thee
5. Now closed for-ev - er is the door, and barred; 'Tis vain to cry: Oh

REFRAIN.

'gainst the giddy throng.
fol - ly hast reclined.
earnest, pleading cry? "Too late—no room!" Ye cannot enter now.
come, and love was free.
let me in, my Lord!

From "SONGS OF FAITH." By per.

No. 90. GET OFF THE FENCE!

EDGAR A. HOLME.

1. The trumpet call is sound-ing The call for vol-un-teers; The
 2. The cause has need of sol-diers, And all should vol-un-tee To
 3. The is-sue is a square one, The lines are clear-ly drawn, And

ranks are for-ward march-ing A-mid huz-zas and cheers; God
 fight the migh-ty rum-flend, Unmoved by threat or fear; A
 ma-ny are the he-roes Who to the front have gone; But

bless the brave who mus-ter To drive the rum-flend hence; The
 few have been re-spond-ing A-mong the masses dense; The
 some are in the rear-ward, Just look-ing on from thence, They

rest are "non-commit-tal" men Who are al-ways on the fence.
 rest are "non-commit-tal" men Who are sit-ting on the fence.
 are the "non-commit-tal" men Who are al-ways on the fence.

CHORUS.

Get off the fence, comrades, Get off the fence! 'Tis not the place for

GET OFF THE FENCE!

val-iant men, Then quickly get from these; Help the noble men who fight To

drive the rum-fiend hence; leave the "non-committal" ranks; Get off the fence.

No. 91. ROUND THE TEMPERANCE STANDARD RALLY.

ZION.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. { Round the Temperance standard rally, All the friends of human kind; {
Snatch the dev-o-tees of fol-ly, Wretched, per-ishing, and blind; }
2. { Bear the bliss-ful ti-dings onward, Bear them all the world around; {
Let the myriads thronging downward, Hear the sweet and blissful sound, }
3. { Plant the Temperance standard firmly; Round it live, and round it die; {
Young and old, de-fend it stern-ly, Till we gain the vic-to-ry, }

Loud-ly tell them How they com-fort now may find,
And, o-bey-ing, In the paths of peace be found,
And all na-tions Hail the hap-py Ju-bi-lee,

Loud-ly tell them How they com-fort now may find.
And, o-bey-ing, In the paths of peace be found.
And all na-tions Hail the hap-py Ju-bi-lee.

No. 92. THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. You're coming to woo me, but not as of yore When fondly I welcomed your
 2. O John! how it crushed me when first in your face The pen of the "Ram Fiend" had
 3. You promised reform, but I trusted in vain; Your pledge was made but to be
 4. If still in your bosom a vir-tue remain, Go fan it with prayer till it



ring at the door; I trust-ed that he who stood waiting me then, Was
 written dis-grace, And turned me in silence and tears from that breath All
 bro-ken a-gain; The lov-er, so false to his prom-is-es now, Will
 kin-dle a- gain, Re-solved, with "God helping" in future to be From



brightest and tru-est and noblest of men; Your lips on my own when they
 poi-soned and foul from the chalice of death; It shattered the hopes I had
 not as a hus-band be true to his vow. The word must be spoken that
 wine and its fol-lies unshackled and free; And when you have conquered this

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR.



print-ed "farewell", had never been soiled by "the beverage of hell;" They treasured to last; It darkened the future and clouded the past; It bids you de-part, though for me to speak it should shatter my heart; In foe of your soul, In manhood and honor, beyond his con-trol, This




come to me now with the bacchanal sign, And the lips that touch liquor can shattered my i-dol, and ruined the shrine, for the lips that touch liquor can silence, with blighted affection, I'll pine, For the lips that touch liquor can heart will again beat responsive to thine, And the lips free from liquor be




nev-er touch mine, And the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine. nev-er touch mine, For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine. nev-er touch mine, For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine. welcome to mine, And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine.

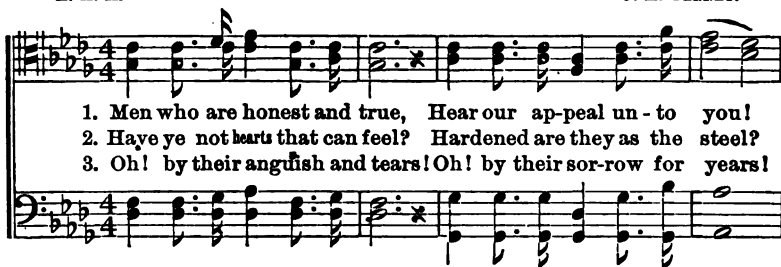


No. 93. WHY DO YE FALTER AND FEAR?

FOR MALE VOICES.

E. A. H.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Men who are honest and true, Hear our ap-peal un-to you!
 2. Have ye not hearts that can feel? Hardened are they as the steel?
 3. Oh! by their anguish and tears! Oh! by their sor-row for years!



Man - y a-round you are fall - ing; Man - y for res - cue are
 Oh! 'tis hu-man - i - ty's cry; For as they suf - fer they
 Oh! for the souls soon to break! Oh! for the dear Master's

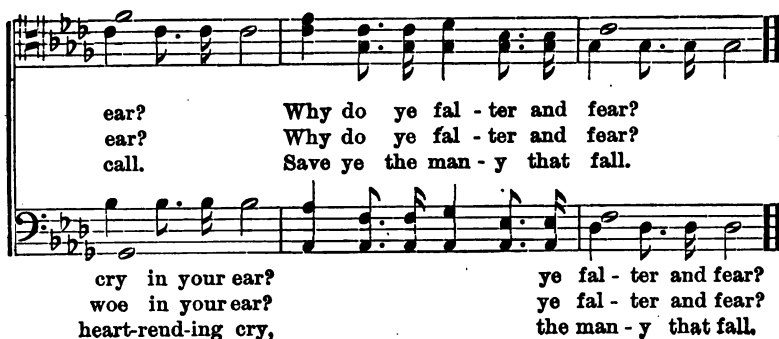


call - ing; Rings not the cry in your ear?
 sigh; Rings not their woe in your ear?
 • sake! Hear ye the heart-rend-ing call,
 not their cry in your ear?
 not their woe in your ear?
 heart-rend-ing call,



Why do ye fal - ter and fear? Rings not their cry in your
 Why do ye fal - ter and fear? Rings not their woe in your
 Save ye the man-y that fall. Hear ye the heart-rend-ing
 ye fal-ter and fear? not their
 ye fal-ter and fear? not their
 the man-y that fall.

WHY DO YE FALTER AND FEAR?



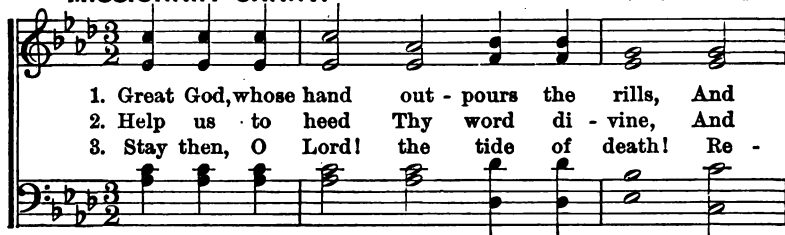
ear? Why do ye fal - ter and fear?
 ear? Why do ye fal - ter and fear?
 call. Save ye the man - y that fall.

cry in your ear? ye fal - ter and fear?
 woe in your ear? ye fal - ter and fear?
 heart-rend-ing cry, the man - y that fall.

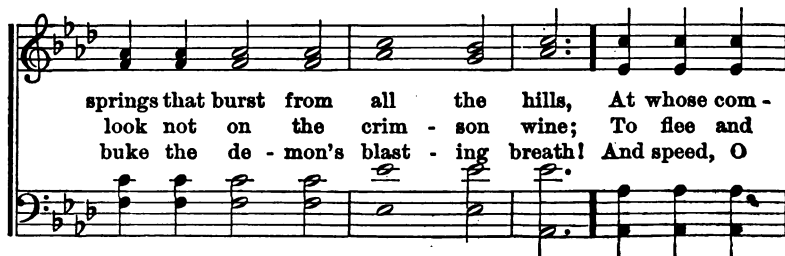
No. 94. GREAT GOD, WHOSE HAND OUTPOURS THE RILLS.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

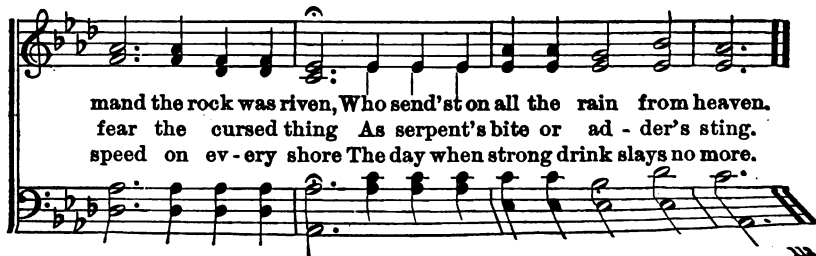
CH. ZEUNER.



1. Great God, whose hand out - pours the rills, And
 2. Help us to heed Thy word di - vine, And
 3. Stay then, O Lord! the tide of death! Re -



springs that burst from all the hills, At whose com -
 look not on the crim - son wine; To flee and
 buke the de - mon's blast - ing breath! And speed, O



mand the rock was riven, Who send'st on all the rain from heaven.
 fear the cursed thing As serpent's bite or ad - der's sting.
 speed on ev - ery shore The day when strong drink slays no more.

No. 95. PERSONAL LIBERTY.

E. A. H.

A QUARTET OF SALOON KEEPERS.

1ST & 2ND TENOR.

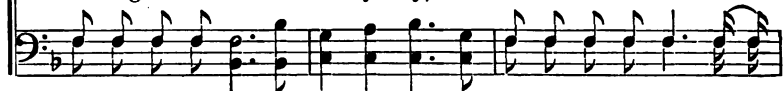


1. We on - ly want to give the land more grog-shops and sa - loons, More
2. We on - ly want the priv - i - lege to break the country's laws, And
3. We on - ly want these "radi - cals" to give "the boys" a chance To

1ST & 2ND BASS.



places "where a *freeman* may be free" To drink his glass of grog or to
set a-side the Sabbath they or-dain; To do just as we please, all re-
have a good ca-rous-al eve-ry day, And nev-er to dis-turb our



sip his cup of beer, And to spend his time in wan-ton rev-el-ry.
gard-less of your peace, With no "rad-i-cal fa-nat-ic" to complain.
lawlessness and crime, But protect us while we take their rights away.

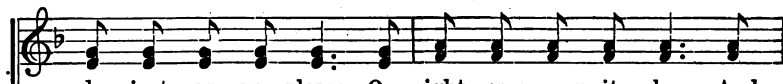


CHORUS. A BAND OF TEMPERANCE MEN AND WOMEN.

SOPR. & ALTO.



, Yes, this is what you *freemen* want, A lit-tle lib-er-ty To
TENOR & BASS.



do just as you please, Or right or wrong it be; And



PERSONAL LIBERTY.

we, the leal and true, Say most re-spect-ful - ly That

we pro-pose to e'er op-pose That kind of lib - er - ty.

No. 96. O'ER THE DARK ABODES OF SORROW.

STOCKWELL.

1. O'er the dark a-bodes of sor - row, Cheer'd by no re-viv-ing ray,
2. Thousands long in bondage groaning, Hail the bright and glorious light,
3. May the heart-re-viv-ing sto - ry Win and conquer—nev-er cease;

Bright-ly Temper-ance a - ris-ing, Brings a bright and glorious day.
 See, from eastern coast to western, Quick-ly fly the shades of night.
 May the ranks of temp'rance ev-er Mul-ti-ply and still in-crease.

Words arranged by E. A. H.

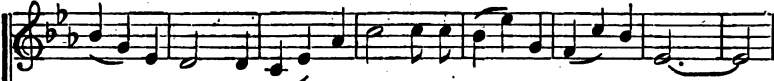
Jno. R. SWENNY.

1. Re-joice in thy youth, young man, In the world's allurements and glee, . . . And
 2. Go look on the wine when red; How it foams and brightens the cup! . . . Go
 3. Or turn from thy evil way To the world's Redeemer and thine; . . . This

fol-low the out-lined plan . . . Of thy soul's de-prav - i - ty; . . . Walk
 drain all its liq - uid drops . . . Till they burn life's current up; . . . Go
 mo-moment renounce all sin, . . . And thy will to Him in - cline; . . . The

still in the path of sin, . . . 'Mid the wild be-wil-der-ing blaze, . . . And
 in-to the halls of mirth . . . Till entranced and un-der the spell . . . Of
 light of His love will shine . . . In the heart for-giv-en and free, . . . And

REMEMBER!



squander, in its wild pursuit, The re-mainder of thy days. . .
 si - rens fair who lead men forth To the ver - y gates of hell. . . .
 then hence- forth a child of God, And a Christ-ian thou shalt be. . . .



CHORUS.



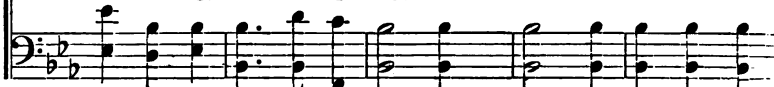
1. & 2. But re - mem - ber, O ter - ri - ble thought! There com - eth a
 3. And re - mem - ber, O won - der - ful thought! To such on the



day,



reck-on-ing, reck-on-ing day, And for thy fol - ly, "DE -
 reck-on-ing, reck-on-ing day, "EN - TER THOU IN - TO MY

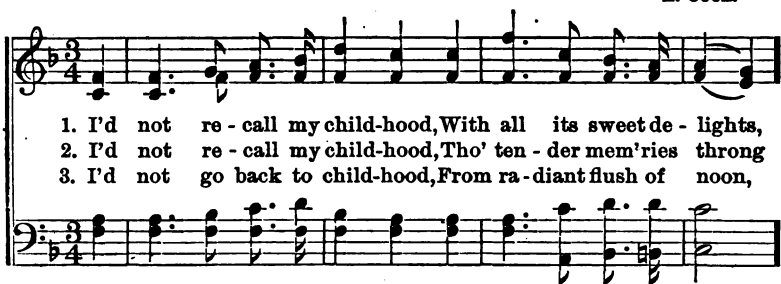



PART FROM ME," The Judge on the throne will say, will say.
 HOME OF JOY," The Judge on the throne will say, will say.

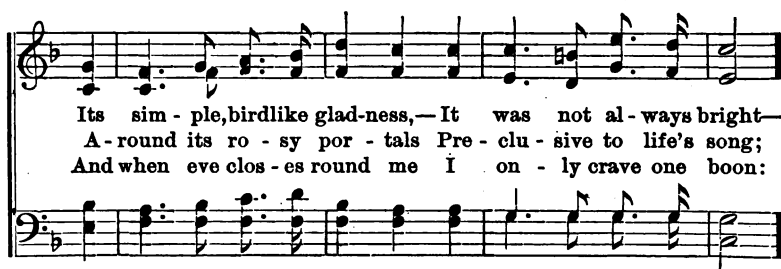


No. 98. I'D NOT RECALL MY CHILDHOOD.

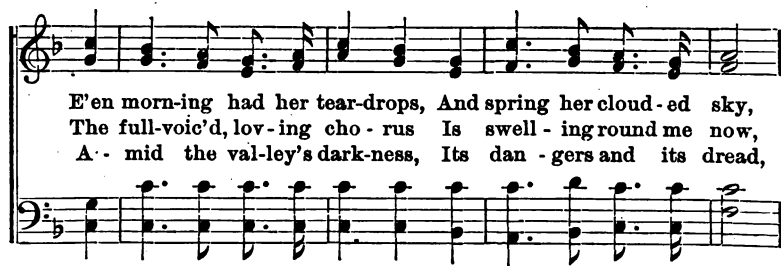
E. COOK.



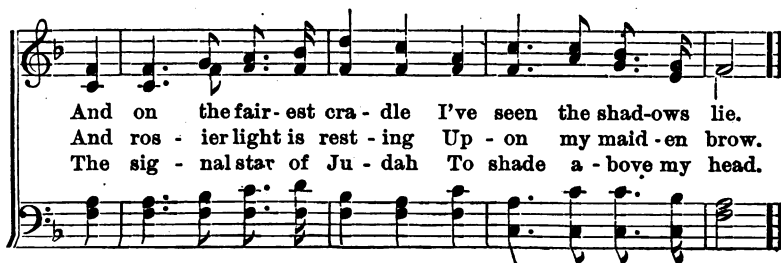
1. I'd not re-call my child-hood, With all its sweet de-lights,
 2. I'd not re-call my child-hood, Tho' ten-der mem'ries throng
 3. I'd not go back to child-hood, From ra-diant flush of noon,



Its sim-ple, birdlike glad-ness,—It was not al-ways bright—
 A-round its ro-sy por-tals Pre-clu-sive to life's song;
 And when eve clos-es round me I on-ly crave one boon:



E'en morn-ing had her tear-drops, And spring her cloud-ed sky,
 The full-voic'd, lov-ing cho-rus Is swell-ing round me now,
 A-mid the val-ley's dark-ness, Its dan-gers and its dread,



And on the fair-est cra-dle I've seen the shad-ows lie.
 And ros-ier light is rest-ing Up-on my maid-en brow.
 The sig-nal star of Ju-dah To shade a-bove my head.

No. 99. CHILDREN, HATE THE RUBY WINE.

Arranged.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

SOLO.

1. Chil-dren, do you see the wine In the crys-tal gob-let shine?
 2. Do you know what causeth woe Bit-ter as the heart can know?
 3. Nev-er let it pass your lips; Nev-er e-ven let the tips
 4. Fight it! with God's help stand fast Long as life or breath shall last!

DUET.

Be not tempt-ed by its charm; It will do you harm.
 'Tis the red and tempting bowl That would charm thy soul.
 Of your fin-gers touch the bowl; Hate it from your soul.
 Heart to heart, and hand in hand, Hurl it from the land.

CHORUS.

Chil-dren, hate the ru-by wine, Though the drops so tempting shine;
 Touch it nev-er, touch it not! Shun the wine!

No. 100.

ONLY.

Words arr. by E. A. H.

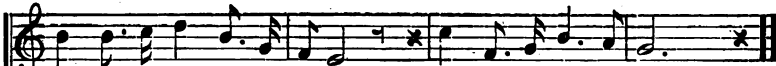
J. H. T.

1. On - ly a glass in the bar-room, On - ly a sin - gle glass;
 2. On - ly a lit - tle en - joy - ment; On - ly two blood - shot eyes;
 3. On - ly a cold, cheerless shanty, Without a fire or wood,
 4. On - ly some poor, weeping children; On - ly a dy - ing wife;

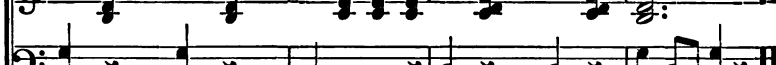
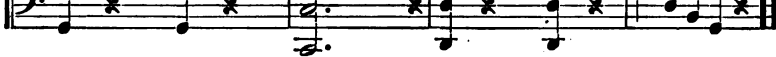
On - ly a fail - ure of courage, On - ly the fa - tal "YES,"
 On - ly a heart - broken mother; On - ly a wife's surprise;
 And lit - tle half - covered children Starv - ing for want of food;
 On - ly a des - o - late household; On - ly a wast - ed life:

On - ly a bad companion Lur - ing him - sly - ly on;
 On - ly an ach - ing forehead; On - ly a bru - is - ed face:
 On - ly a curse for kisses; On - ly a flood of woe;
 On - ly the woe and anguish No mortal tongue can tell,

ONLY.



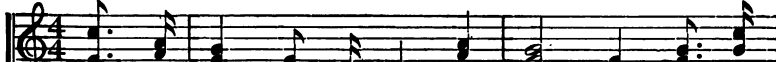
Or - ly an ur - gent temptation, And Satan's work was done.
 On - ly an oft - broken promise, Fol - lowed by deep disgrace.
 On - ly a drink - maddened father; On - ly an an - gry blow.
 Plunged from the fumes of the bar - room, In - to the flames of hell.

No. 101. GATHERED SHEAVES.

E. D. MUND.

REV. E. S. LORENZ.



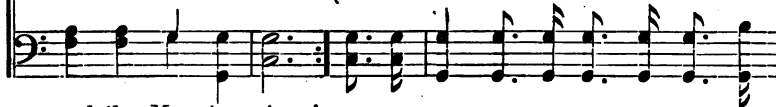
1. { At the feet of the bless - ed Mas - ter We would
 When we come to Him emp - ty hand - ed, O how
 2. While the fields are all white for har - vest, And the
 Let us strive well to fill the gar - ner, And be
 3. O the joy of suc - cess - ful la - bor! O the
 O the joy of the Mas - ter's prais - es, To the



D.C. When we come to Him emp - ty - hand - ed, O how

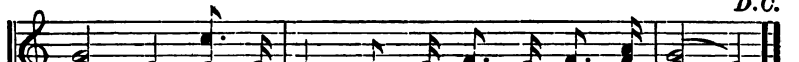


lay our gathered sheaves; } Gather sheaves from the fields so white to
 much the Mas - ter grieves! }
 la - bor - ers are few, } Gather sheaves from the fields so white to
 reap - ers staunch and true! }
 joy of work well done! } Gather sheaves from the fields so white to
 soui whose crown is won! }

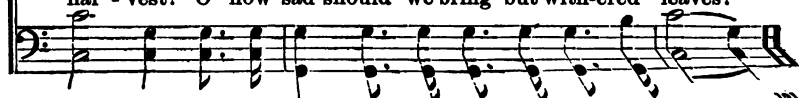


much the Mas - ter grieves!

D.C.



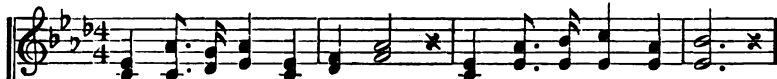
har - vest! O how sad should we bring but with - ered leaves!



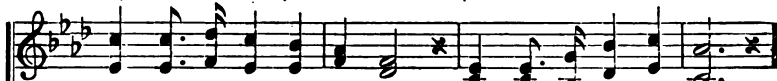
No. 102. HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

VIOLET E. KING.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



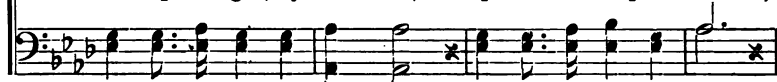
1. Hold up the light, my brother, Raise high the temp'rance light,
2. Hold up the light, my brother, Then what-so'er you do,
3. Hold up the light, my brother, The per-ish-ing to save



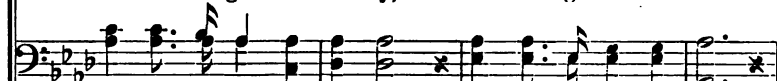
That all who are in er-ror, May see it shin-ing bright;
And in the way of du-ty, Be ev-er firm and true.
From paths that lead thro' darkness, Down to a drunkard's grave:



That they who now are cap-tives, At lib-er-ty may be;
Hold up the light, my broth-er, Cr in temptation's hour,
Hold up the light, my broth-er, Up-on the temp'rance shore,



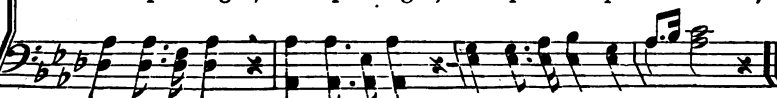
Hold up the light, my broth-er, That ev-'ry one may see.
Some wea-ry one may fal-ter, And sink beneath its power.
A bea-con light of safe-ty, The err-ing to re-store.



D.S. Hold up the light, my broth-er, Hold up the gos-pel light. D.S.
CHORUS.



Hold up the light, hold up the light, Hold up the temp'rance banner;

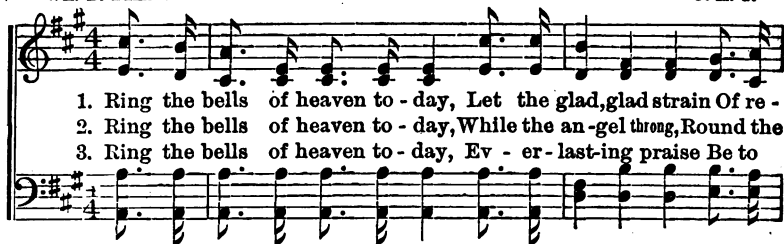


No. 103.

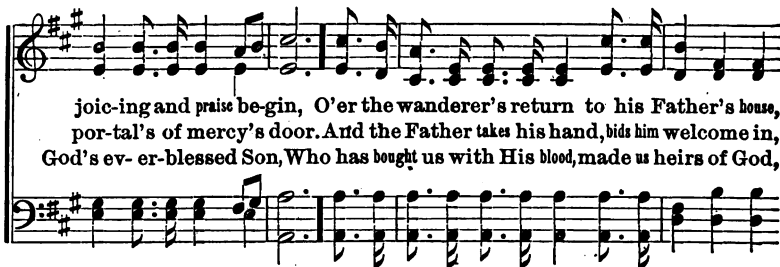
RING THE BELLS.

WM. B. BLAKE.

J. H. T.

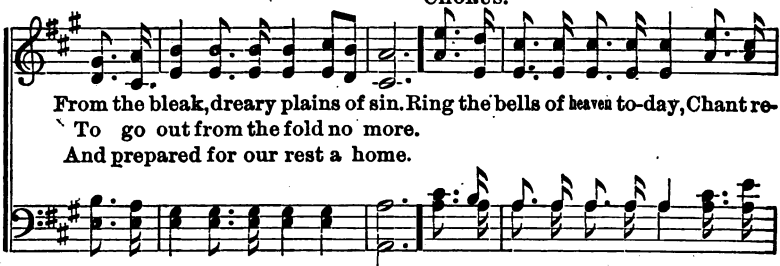


1. Ring the bells of heaven to-day, Let the glad, glad strain Of re -
 2. Ring the bells of heaven to-day, While the an-gel throng, Round the
 3. Ring the bells of heaven to-day, Ev - er - last-ing praise Be to

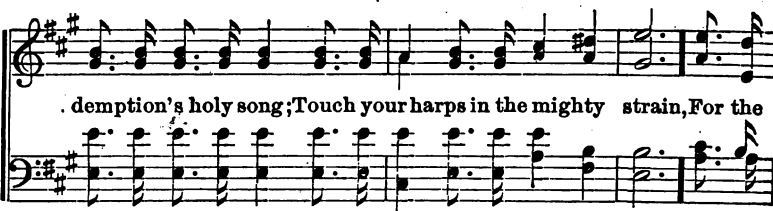


joic-ing and praise be-gin, O'er the wanderer's return to his Father's house,
 por-tal's of mercy's door. And the Father takes his hand, bids him welcome in,
 God's ev - er-blessed Son, Who has bought us with His blood, made us heirs of God,

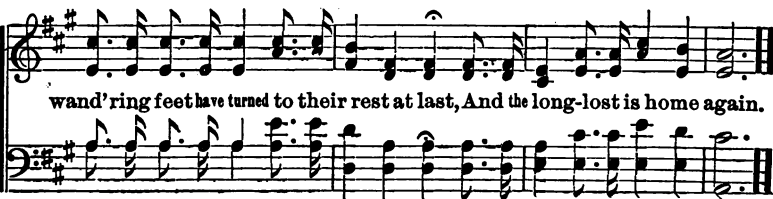
CHORUS.



From the bleak, dreary plains of sin. Ring the bells of heaven to-day, Chant re -
 To go out from the fold no more.
 And prepared for our rest a home.



demption's holy song; Touch your harps in the mighty strain, For the



wand'ring feet have turned to their rest at last, And the long-lost is home again.

No. 104.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

J. H. TENNEY.

Wine is a mock-er, Strong drink is raging, And who-so-ev-er is de-

SOLO.

ceived thereby is not wise. Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?

SOLO.

Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without

rit.

Who hath redness of eyes? They who tarry long at the cause?

rit.

wine, They who tar-ry long at the wine,
wine, at the wine, wine, at the wine,

WINE IS A MOCKER.

Rit.

They who tarry long at the wine, They that go to seek mixed wine,
wine, at the wine,

SOLO.

At the last, At the last, It bit-eth like a ser-pent and

sting-eth like an ad-der, It bit-eth like a ser-pent, and

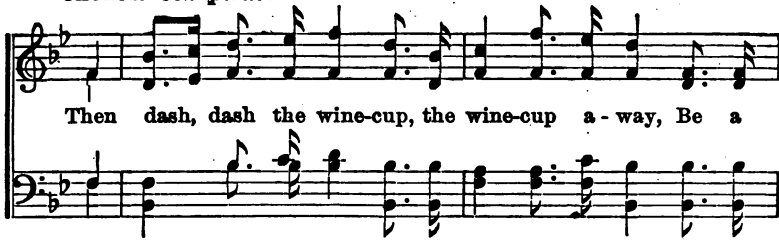
ad lib.

sting-eth like an ad-der. At the last, at the last.

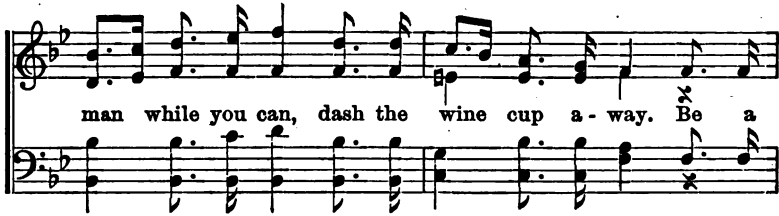
Colla voce.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

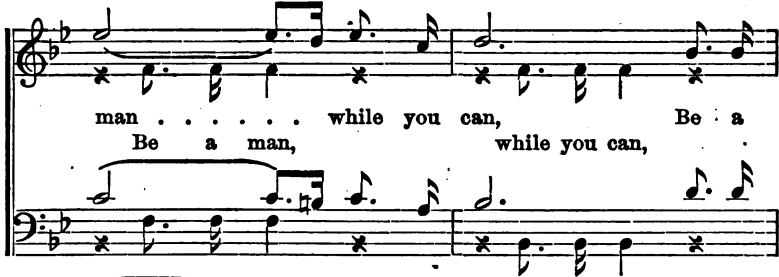
CHORUS. *Con spirito.*



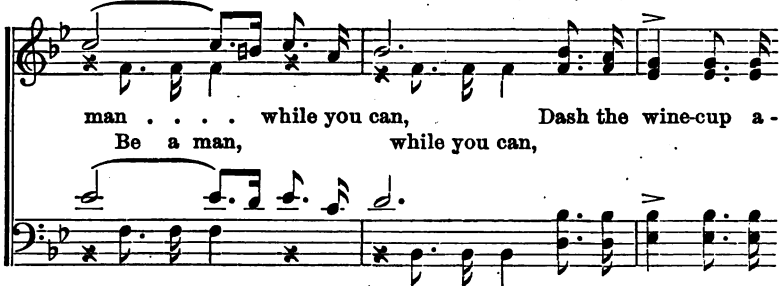
Then dash, dash the wine-cup, the wine-cup a - way, Be a



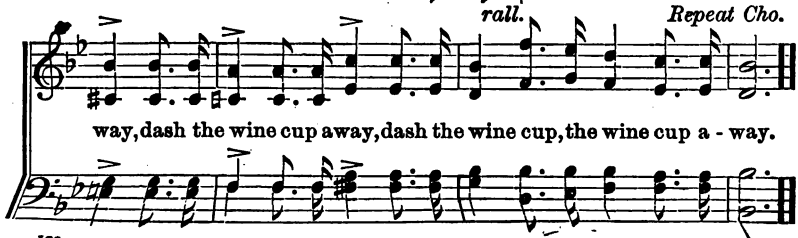
man while you can, dash the wine cup a - way. Be a



man while you can, Be a
Be a man, while you can,



man while you can, Dash the wine-cup a -
Be a man, while you can,



way, dash the wine cup away, dash the wine cup, the wine cup a - way.

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